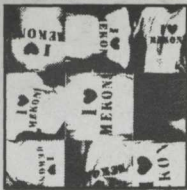


DISORDER

FREE

THE MEKONS



I ♥ MEKONS
TOUCH AND GO

ARCHERS OF LOAF



ICKY METTLE
ALIAS

MECCA NORMAL



FLOOD PLAIN
K

LES THUGS



AS HAPPY AS POSSIBLE
SUB POP

SNFU



SOMETHING GREEN AND LEAFY THIS WAY COMES

This year's punk rock season starts off with a slash of the brain and a hook to the ear drum.

Canada's reigning punk rock champions, SNFU return with their 5th full-length release, ready to defend their title.

Cross Canada tour in December!
This Epitaph release is distributed by Cargo

ERIC'S TRIP



LOVE TARA

The highly anticipated full-length debut from Moncton's Eric's Trip, *Love Tara* pits strong pop hooks and sweet boy-girl vocals against a wall-of-sound to deliver a vital and unique release.

Catch them on CBC's Ear To The Ground, performing the first single, *My Room*, on November 9.
This SUB POP release is co-distributed by MCA

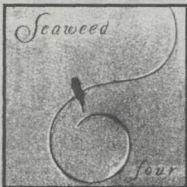


IAN STEPHENS



WINING DINING DRILLING
ENGUARD

SEAWEED



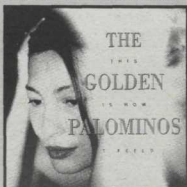
FOUR
SUB POP
CO-DISTRIBUTED BY MCA

GODSTAR



SLEEPER
TAANGI
CO-DISTRIBUTED BY MCA

GOLDEN PALOMINOS



THIS IS HOW IT FEELS
RESTLESS

November 1993
Issue #130

"If you don't want it edited...don't fuckin' write it."

Cover

Facepuller was dropping a new blower into their Roadking touring stationwagon when, like a lightning bolt from the sky, Eric Thorkelsson decided that this would make a great photo op.. That's Brent Facepuller on the cover...a position that the band has been long overdue for.

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STUFF WE LISTENED TO WHILE PUTTING THIS THING TOGETHER

[illegible]

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Deadline for submissions is the 15th of the month. *Disorder* wants your stuff—send it our way and if we like it we'll use it; if not, we'll lose it. Submissions can be submitted on disk (preferably), in print, or in type.

CITR 101.9 IM is 1800 watts of neurotic bliss from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw In White Rock.

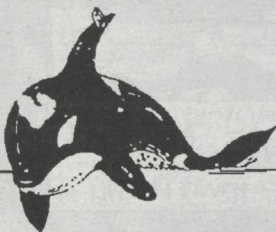
Disorderly 40 pages of stuff which we thought was progressively getting stronger with each issue, but with newfound realization we have accepted our mediocrity. It is still put together by an overworked and underpaid staff of elitist snoot who used to know everything and anything about everything you didn't...and now with legal counsel we know how far we can go in having the right to tell you about it. We also held the meaning of "alternative" sealed in an empty chocolate Quick(TM) can...but we sold it to Perry Farrell, and look what he's done with it.

Office hours for CTR, Mobile Sound, and *Disorder* are Monday-Friday, 10-4.
Call CTR DJ line @ (604) 822-CTR, our offices @ 822-3017, our news + sports @ 222-2487, fax us c/o CTR @ (604) 822-9364, or write:
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V6T 1T1

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Taboo Tribal Ware is in the process of relocating, and will temporarily be working on a house call basis. We're sorry for any inconvenience.

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SNFU • <i>Something Green and Leafy</i> ... \$9.65 / 19 / class \$14.92 SPACE STREAKINGS • <i>Hiatus</i> ... \$9.65 / 19 / class \$12.72 CD



The Conductor is on tour Nov. 11, so come w and meet the SCRATCH bull-pen!

L to R: Jamie, Jason, Lester, Sand

DON'T FORGET

The new SCRATCH label 7" by
SOAP - JON HENSHI
Infectious Japanese weird noisy pop,
female style!

SCRATCH

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PERRYSCOPE PRESENTS

Z93 presents
HOWARD JONES

 the synthesizer tour
Thurs. Nov. 4
 Doors 8 pm - Show 10 pm
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CiTR 101.9 FM presents an evening with
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 Friday November 12 • 8pm
 The Vague Theatre
 a PerryScope/Timbre co-production **TRACK RECORDS**

CiTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS

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 WITH SPECIAL GUESTS **THRILL SQUAD**
 FORMERLY GO FOUR 3
SATURDAY NOVEMBER 27
COMMODORE BALLROOM
 DOORS 8:30 PM • SHOW 10 PM
 TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE AT TRACK RECORDS

CiTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS

the Ocean Blue
 with special guests
TUESDAY NOVEMBER 9
 DOORS 8:00PM • SHOW 10:00PM
TOWN PUMP
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CiTR PRESENTS 101.9 FM
THE LEMONHEADS

 WITH SPECIAL GUESTS **hole**
 AND **WALT MINK**
SATURDAY NOV 13
COMMODORE BALLROOM
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 TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE AT TRACK RECORDS


DURAN DURAN

 with special guest **the cranberries**

From Scotland, Virgin recording artists
BIG COUNTRY

 with guests **700 MILES**
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11
TOWN PUMP
 DOORS 8 PM
 SHOWTIME 10 PM **Z93** **Province** **TRACK RECORDS**

CiTR PRESENTS 101.9 FM

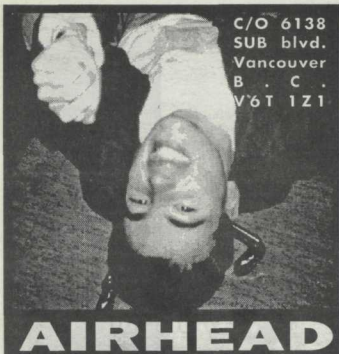
 SPECIAL GUESTS **ACETONE**
 PLUS MUSIC OF THE SPHERES
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18
THE TOWN PUMP
 DOORS 8 PM • SHOW 10 PM
 TICKETS AT TRACK & ZULU RECORDS ONLY

Wednesday,
 December 8

Coliseum
 Concert Bowl
 7:30pm



JUST ANNOUNCED - PRIMUS WITH SPECIAL GUESTS MELVINS - SAT. NOV. 27 - ALL AGES - FIGHT WITH SPECIAL GUESTS MINDBOMB SAT. DEC. 4 86ST.
 Tickets available at all **TRACK RECORDS** outlets, including Zulu Records, or charge by phone 280-4444.



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Vancouver
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V6T 1Z1

It seems that everytime you hear from me in this pre-"Airhead" amble I'm apologizing for something. Well, let me not be one to break from tradition; this month's concerns are a little more pressing. So serious, in fact, that legal action could indeed be pending and, worse of all, the brazen image of *Disorder* could be blemished for quite some time. I'm referring to a disturbing practise known as plagiarism. In university it will get you banned from any post-secondary institution for 1-5 years; in high school it will get you a ride home from one, or both, of your parents,

a suspension and a grounding; in the world of print media you will lose all credibility as a writer and get publicly ridiculed—at least that's the way it works around here. But, first, you have to be caught...

In the October 1993 issue of *Disorder* (#129) I chose to print an article addressing the influence of Western society on Japan's sexual culture. The article was simply called "Sex in the 90's: Bondage in Japan" and is uncannily similar (verbatim! theses?) to an item that appeared as the liner notes to Merbow's *Music For Bondage Performance*

CD. The original title to the piece that appeared in the Merbow CD is "The Development of Modern Japanese Bondage" and was not penned by Paris Green, as he would have you and I believe, but was in fact penned by Masami Akita. Unfortunately, I had no knowledge of the fact that Akita was indeed the original author to the words that were submitted by Paris Green until the damage had already been done and *Disorder* ran the article under misleading pretences. Paris Green submitted it to me as a "researched" feature and, without any reason to doubt any writer's credibility, the authenticity of their work, or the ambition and passion and writer has for their art, I took the article with interest and gratitude.

The role of an editor becomes increasingly difficult with every issue I oversee and this is but one example why. I never thought it wrong to put my faith and trust in a writer, as I am one myself and greatly appreciate the benefit of a doubt, but now I'm forced to re-evaluate everything that I ever learned about this job, including taking writer's motivation at face value. I apologize that one writer blew it for the rest of you (refer to quote at top of masthead). I apologize to Masami Akita for having printed his work under false pretences and without proper credit. I apologize to you the reader for deceiving you, albeit, unknowingly. And, most of all, I apologize to Paris Green for he now has to live with the humiliation of passing

somebody's thoughts, words and ideas off as his own, and HE will NEVER write for the pages of *Disorder* again.

While I'm on the topic of October's issue, I should inform you readers of a giveaway opportunity which I completely forgot about in my bed-ridden, vitamin-plugged, nose-runnin', cold-shiverin', health-ailin' condition of last month. Simply, bring a postcard with the words "Even Dando is a Tool" to the *Disorder*/CITR offices during regular business hours (10-5 p.m.) and we'll give the first five people who do so some nifty prizes. Oh, yeah, the postcard picture must have a large body of water in it, somewhere. Why? Because if you follow these directions precisely you will walk out of these very same offices with a copy of the new *Lemonheads* cassette, *Come On Feel The Lemonheads*, a Tool t-shirt, and a copy of the new Ocean Blue cassette, *Beneath the Rhythm and Sound*. Believe me, I would love to open this giveaway to mail entries as well but when it costs \$2.00 in postage to mail out a cassette that we didn't pay a cent for I find that fiscally irresponsible.

On a final note, my bowling team, the Road Bonerz (a male phenomenon which occurs during extended travel in an automatic), have served me well lately and done me very proud. As our averages climb our team handicap drops and our confidence that we will kick your wimp ass anywhere, anytime, is insured by the delicate

sound of Dave "Wood" Rees whittling toothpicks out of pins with his smush and scatter technique, Garret "Sparky" Harry punching a solid 190+ game home, Brent "Biento" Belke opening his game with the familiar sound of (hawk?) a strike, and Jennifer "Mabel" Muir capping a 3-strike 10th frame. Give us your best shot...we dare ya! You can contact me or leave a message at 822-3017 if you think you have the...balls(?) to take us on in a no-holds-barred, Australian rules, tag team cage match bowl off.

Paul t. Brooks
editor

FEEDBACK

Dear Airhead,
Good mad. Good price—one thing. What the hell happened to Velvets Record? He's noticeably absent from your pages. Is there a reason for this? Thanks for the No Means No article it's been a while since a local mag has something to say about what's happening with the Wright brother's. The interview with Uncle Bob was great. Have you ever or will you ever get a story or interview on Superconductor, just wondering?

See ya,
Shawn Mc Donald
Port Alberni, B.C.

Sadly, *Velvets Record* and the Ever-rything's Ducky comic have gone on sabbatical. We were informed by his former employer, Keith Parry at Scratch Records, that Blaine Thurner, *Velvets* creator, has taken off to Japan "to teach little Nipponese

ladies english" and there's no telling when he's going to come back. We've always the last to know. As for *Superconductor*, they probably hold the *Disorder* record for column inches devoted to a single local band: they've been featured twice, been on our first full-color photo cover, and have had numerous gig, 7" and album reviews. Since you've missed the boat this far Shawn, we'll just have to tell you that the 'conductors are just out to prove that no matter how awful you sound, a good song is still a good song.

Dear Airhead,

Although I rarely feel the need to comment on what I've read in your publication, I must wholeheartedly thank you for the Helmet interview in issue #129. Any one who is into *Savage Republic* is A-OK by me. Long live Savage Republic!!!

Yours sincerely,
RC Johnston
White Rock, B.C.

BAND CONGENIALITY GOES TO...

Dear Airhead/CITR/Shindig organizers,
Thank you for giving our band the opportunity to play Shindig this year. Since then, our shows have been attended by many new faces who have told us that they saw us first at Shindig. For this, we would like to express our gratitude.

As always,
Les, Cody, and Jeff
Hemstiser
Vancouver, B.C.

WANTED

ANY ARTISTICALLY
INCLINED BEINGS
WANTING TO SUBMIT
STUFF

DISORDER

IS VENTURING INTO THE WORLD
OF

GRAPHIC...BLISS...

SEND YOUR COMICS/DOODLES/
DRAWINGS/ET CETERA

TO CITR, AND IF WE LIKE THEM WE'LL
TAKE THEM...

INCLUDE NAME/NUMBER/DEGREE OF
INTEREST

POEMS AND SHORT STORIES WILL NOT
BE IGNORED

HELP US SPREAD IT AROUND...



...if you'd like to have *Disorder*
dropped off at your place of business,
call Linda at (604) 822-3017.

And to you we extend our utmost in thanks. So few of the participants and attendees of Shindig realize the amount of time and organization that goes into this event year in and year out that we often question whether it's worth doing at all. Thanks for the reassurance that Shindig actually benefits local artists in even the most minute of ways. Your review is on page 7.

OVER THE HILLS AND THROUGH THE WOODS

Dear Discorder,
I saw a review for a compilation called *Bloodbath at the Chinese Disco*. I think it originates out of Calgary. Do you have any information regarding where one might acquire this CD?

Thank You,
Nolan Webb
Mission, B.C.

Kim Kinakin reviews the Bloodbath CD in his "Vancouver Special" column on page 25, and has included the mailing address for your shipping convenience.

Dear Sir or Moom (7),
Hello. My name is Don Reimus and I am the Music Director for WOUI Radio Station in Chicago. I am in the process of updating our database and ran across an entry concerning Disorder. Unfortunately, I am unfamiliar with your publication, can you please send me further information and how to obtain a copy or subscribe (if still available)? Any info will be greatly appreciated. Thanks for your time.

Sincerely,
Don Reimus
Illinois Institute of
Technology
Chicago, Illinois

To Paul Brooks
Howdy y'all, it's me Excalbur. I'm alive, it's what a time I've been having o'er here. Well I've learned how to permanently scar folks with both scalpel and tattoo gun. Also got a couple myself to add to my epidermal coating, including, gi!t this, Hank Williams Sr's shinin' face. Local nastic's Scott Henderson (Swollen Prong, Show Biz Giants, Shovelhead) has got himself a new monster studio, so finally Victoria guitar heroes will have some quality recording space although some other not so commercial studios have put out some nifty stuff. Got given the Vinagrettes demo and it's just skookum. On a side note one of the members of the Vinagrettes has an amazing black velvet painting collection. So if ya wanna be hip with the band bring a black velvet painting as a gift to their pigs. Doomklayun (unlats over the x) promise to play live next spring.

maybe instead of their motto "We Ain't Retro, We Never Left." it should be "We Ain't Circle C, We're Doomklayun!"

Assholes yours,
Excalbur Manslaughter
Victoria, B.C.

THE DEVIL MAKES WORK FOUR IDOL HANDS

Airhead,
Procrastinating Can Be Positive!

I will admit I do procrastinate and I'm sick about hearing how it's such a bad habit. Procrastinating can be positive. When faced with an unpleasant project critical thinking is needed to find ways to put it off or getting out of doing it all together. Also procrastinating can be helpful by instead working on things which there has not been time for. Procrastinating gets us to communicate with one another, trying to convince someone to do the unwanted

task for us. And is some cases allows some problems to go away by themselves with the passing of time. Hopefully now I won't hear "stop procrastinating" any more.

Rock on/Hard on,
Dodie

We heartily encourage all Disorder readers to "procrastinate" as often as possible, with the exception of doing their spelling homework.



THE EVENTS OF THE LAST TWELVE HOURS HAVE LEFT ME SPEECHLESS. I CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY ACTIONS FROM THIS POINT ON. I HAVE RECEIVED SOMEWHERE IN THE ORDER OF THREE HOURS SLEEP OVER THE LAST THIRTY AND I AM SURE THAT THIS WOULD BE CONSIDERED A RECORD BY MANY. DAMN, WHAT AM I SAYING? THE VERY THOUGHT OF SLEEP SENDS SHIVERS DOWN MY SPINE AND AROUND TO MY NETHER REGIONS. I'VE SLEPT FARTOOOCH OVER THE LAST YEAR OR SO AND NO MORE BY MY DAMN. I'VE DECIDED TO NOT DRIVE FOR A FEW DAYS. UNTIL THINGS COOL OFF AS WELL I HAVE TAKEN THE TIME TO GET OUT OF DOWNTOWN SEVERAL TIMES TODAY ALREADY JUST TO GET THE ROUTE DOWN SO THAT THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE. DON'T TELL A SOUL BUT THE SEVEN DUNBAR SEEMS TO BE FREE OF ANY TROUBLE AND THE DRIVERS I THINK CAN BE TRUSTED. SHE STAYED AT MY HOUSE LAST NIGHT AND THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT I WASN'T ALWAYS SURE WHO SHE WAS WHEN I WOULD WAKE UP. SHE COULD VERY WELL BE WITH THEM AND IF SO I WOULD HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO GOUGE OUT HER EYES AND SET HER ADRIPT IN BURRAED INLET AT MIDNIGHT THE NEXT FULL MOON WEDNESDAY. SHE'S A LOOKER BUT THAT QUITE OBVIOUS. I'VE BEEN HAVING A HARD TIME ON MY EYES. THEN WHAMO! THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW YOU'RE UP THE CREEK IN A PAIR OF BOXERS WITH A GUY NAMED ODDJOB. SHIT. BY NOW YOU THINK I WOULD HAVE LEARNED.

THE NAMES IN MY ADDRESS BOOK ALL LOOK THE SAME AND ALL OF THE NUMBERS MEAN NOTHING TO ME NOW. AND IT COULD VERY WELL BE THAT I HAVE ACCIDENTALLY FAXED THIS TO ALL THE WRONG PEOPLE. MY HEAD FEELS LIKE IT'S POUNDING OUT A RHYTHM I CAN'T GET A HANDLE ON. A LITTLE PROZAC COULD REALLY GO A LONG WAY RIGHT NOW. THAT A SHOT OF RITALIN, AND A BOLLERMAKER COULD REALLY DO THE TRICK. MY NEIGHBOUR KEEPS POKING HIS HEAD IN THROUGH MY DOOR AND MUTTERING SOMETHING ABOUT ASHOWN CHANNEL 37 AND WHAT'S WITH THE SMELL OF DOPE EVERY TIME I STEP OUT INTO MY HALLWAY? IT'S THOSE FUCKING DEADHEADS AND THEIR FUCKIN' KERRY GARCIA, AS GOD BASED RELIGION THAT ISN'T MISSING A FINGER AND IS FULL ON THE HORSE. I'M AFRAID I MAY HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS AND TURN THE TABLES ON THOSE THIRSTED BUNDS AND THEIR SORRY LIVES. IT'S HELL OUT THERE AND I'M NOT GOING TO BE THE ONE HANGING AROUND HOLDING THE BAG WHEN IT'S ALL OVER. THEY CAN TAKE THIS PLACE AND HANG IT IN THEIR COLLECTIVE ASSES. BY NEXT THURSDAY I'LL BE THE ONE LAUGHING.

ADIOS
GTH

THEY'RE TERMINALLY PERKY, SICKENINGLY CUTE, RICH, FAMOUS, HORNY, AND HOOKED ON HEROIN. BUT THEY CAN AFFORD TO BE-- THEY'RE CHIPMUNKS & SQUIRRELS

©1992 MICHAEL AUSHENKER





SHINDIG!

A BLOW-BY-BLOW ACCOUNT BY
THE CITY'S FINEST DRUNKEN HACKS

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

So there I was, at the infamous Railway Club on a Tuesday night, trying to conceal the piece of paper that made it obvious I was a judge. Yep, Shindig. I pushed my way through hordes of indie-rockers and Railway regulars, trying to reach the bar to get beer. Returning to my seat I noticed three or four early-'80s punk-rockers hanging around the stage with guitars around their necks—they were **Aging Youth Gang**. They played slightly poppy, fast, punk-rock songs about baby boomers and *Star Trek*. This reminded me of the time I took my younger brother to see Cuisin George at the York. Despite the fact that the Railway audience was unappreciative, Aging Youth Gang had a swinging beat and you could dance to it.

After an unamusing "Jokes-for-beer," hosted by the illustrious Garnet Timothy Harry, a group of long-haired teens hit the stage, known collectively as **Flywheel**. Bad name, bad grunge band. Actually, not that bad as far as music goes—they were tight—but the vocals left a lot to be desired. If they left the Seattle sound behind they would be a lot better off.

The last band of the night was **Green Achers**. They were a country/folk ensemble, complete with acoustic guitar, lilting bass lines and a fiddle. This was one of the few bands I've seen in Shindig this year that featured a woman (playing the fiddle), and she was great; the fiddle was a breath of fresh air. The Railway regulars all came out of the back room to watch this band.

And the winner was...Aging Youth Gang, with Green Achers a very close second, and Flywheel coming in a distant third.

Heather Campbell

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5

I've attended every night of Shindig this year and, so far, this was the busiest. It might have been station manager, Linda Scholten's birthday crowd, it could have been the Railway Club's dart tournament, or Liane's hot dogs, but you and I know that it was the lure of Shindig excitement that packed them in this Tuesday night.

First up was **Heatmiser**. No, not Oregon's Heatmiser but Vancouver's own Devo look-alikes. Armed with their own Christmas lights and a smoke-machine-gone-bad, Heatmiser blasted through their set with confidence and '80's style. It's a Cars thing, I like these guys.

Next up, **The Dunderheads**. U.K. punk done well. Tight, fast, loud, and proud.

Straight out of East Van, this combo looks like they could fix your car, charge you for the work done, then beat you up, take your wallet, and steal your car. The crowd dug these cats and so did I.

Finishing off the evening was **Speedbuggy**. Maybe it was the technical problems they had to put up with before their set but, whatever it was, they didn't look like they were having too much fun, looking like you're having fun on stage is important. You have fun, I have fun, everybody has fun. However, they are a solid pop band, with a good selection of songs, and their frontman looks like he could fix my car without stealing it. I'm also down with the Beatles-type bass.

In the end it was Speedbuggy winning the event, followed by The Dunderheads, then Heatmiser.

Justin Love

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12

Before we begin I have a confession to make. Since Shindig began in September the Railway Club has become a part of me. It is a place to relax, listen to music, play darts, chat with friends, sip frothy beer, and enjoy the delectable tastes of yummy doggies served up by the city's finest tube-steak queen, Liane. Shindig, 579 Dunsmuir at Seymour. Every Tuesday. Bless you all and thanks to the wonderful Railway staff who are like family to me now. We love you.

This evening started with the three-piece band, **Savage Henry**. Good, old-fashioned, straight-up rock. Yee haw. The energy level was high and they filled the Railway with sweat, but the set revealed the inabilities of the ensemble.

Third place. When the second band of the evening, **The Falcons**, took the stage, their presence assured the crowd that they were in for a treat. I was originally impressed with their demo tape but, live, the Falcons blew my expectations away immediately. Imagine yourself driving through the desert, heels on the dash of your green '69 Eldorado, wind blowing through your hair, arm around a cooey friend with the 8-track playing in the background—smooth—don't remember the stars this bright before...The Falcons brought out the atmosphere of the Railway like no

other 1993 Shindig performer, with a cool, instrumental, Mexican twist on Chris Isaak. Be sure to catch these local wonders at a venue near you. Just don't forget to bring a wheelbarrow full of joints, a bathtub of margarites, a padded recliner, and thick, shady sunglasses. It's nice to see some real musicians.

Last but not least, **The Loved One**, originally from Edmonton, played a set straight out of 1988. Their style of driving cock-rock spilled the last drops of marguerite from my salty-rimmed fishbowl. Minutes later I headed immediately for the nearest toilet then popped some 222's. The Loved One are certainly destined for commercial success: high energy, balanced lead vocals, thick guitars and an electric upright bass and shaman stick to boot. They will be performing again in the semi-finals, and I wouldn't be surprised if their musty sound clears them to the finals. But what kind of music are we supporting here, folks? Back to the praeries, boys. Love Canada. Say no to cock-rock.

Skyler

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19

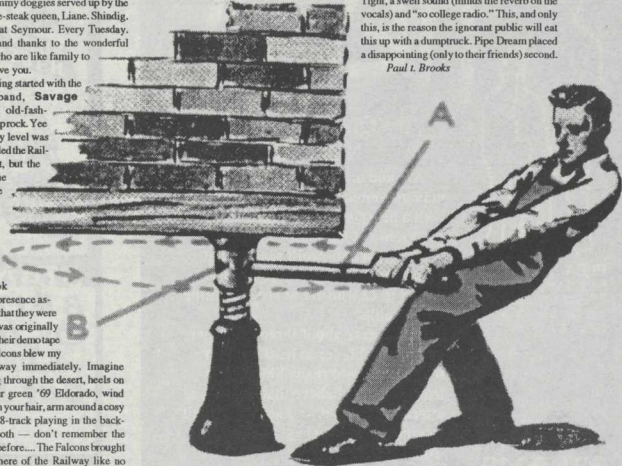
It would be unjust for me to positively critique **Tickle Trunk** just because the band is comprised completely of women; I'm sure they would't

appreciate it either. So, all considered, if Tickle Trunk were four boys I'd still say their sound and approach to the genre of music they play is naive, young, simple and at times devoid of any progression. Musical boundaries should be defined or broken and Tickle Trunk do neither of these, in my opinion. If ambition and self-confidence were the only keys to winning, Tickle Trunk WOULD be at the top of the list. And as the judges WOULD have it this night, Tickle Trunk were leaving the winners.

Can you say cliché? I knew you could. **Sourpuss** stole every genre of music that they could and, on top of that, neglected to work it into their own original or innovative style. For this alone they deserve a fate nothing less than contributions to regional compilations and sets of bastardized cover songs. This did not do it for me in the least. **Sour Puss** - energy = 0; the perfect equation would equal firm song structure and rigid lyrical content. Therefore, Sour Puss should build from the ground up, starting with lyrics and originality.

Pipe Dream wear their influences like a badge of courage and this isn't always helpful. However, Pipe Dream do their take on the Creation label's sound with vigor, an air of lethargy (or is that pretention?) and an all-too-serious spirit which is to their benefit. Tight, a swell sound (minus the reverb on the vocals) and "so college radio." This, and only this, is the reason the ignorant public will eat this up with a dumptruck. Pipe Dream placed a disappointing (only to their friends) second.

Paul T. Brooks



SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEEMAN

I can recall the experience which propelled me into the world of comic book reading as an adult: A pal insisted I read the first five issues of Peter Bagge's *HATE*. After perusing these comics I began to realize I was missing a literary revolution. I had some serious catching up to do! I began to become the woman I am today.

Okay...enuff, reminiscing: This year I went to that mecca for comics friends The San Diego Comic Con a yearly celebration held in this warm weathered town famed for its zoo and proximity to Tijuana, Mx. The four day event was held August 19—22 in a glori-

ous convention centre and had the usual mix of panels, 24-hour film showings and shop-shop-film galore. With the brand new official subtext business card in hand I met with publishers and cartoonists alike. Below are my findings on a bizarre mix of comics I was entrusted with:

Bill The Clown: Comedy Isn't Pretty
I've noticed a few books lately featuring a psychotic-circus-clown-running-amok theme; this is the best of the bunch. Written by Dan Vado and drawn by Troy Nixey we are presented with Bill a tragically wasted ex-clown who still has a shred of dignity. Published by Slave Labor,

best known for its *Milk and Cheese* comic (Slave Labor 9535, Bascom Ave, San Jose, Ca 95128)

**Black Web**

This new company, INKS has a great logo "It's all in the INKS" and their sights are set on the action crowd with their premiere book *Black Web* which features a superhero character who weaves a tangled web after surviving a mysterious explosion in a science lab. Web's body is so sinewy with muscle it looks like he has no flesh...ick. Big books on the women and a bad guy shoots someone through the head. Next. (INKS Comics 702 Mangrove ave, Chico, Ca 95926)

Windows

Published by Cult press *Windows* (sic) is an odd series of comics which lends focus to the bizarre. The quality of the stories vary as does the art. Sadness prevails. Cult press also put out the truly wretched sci-fi *Raggedyman* (which they wisely ended at #6). I'm not sure but I suspect these people may be religious zealots! There is a comic preview which says 'some call him lord/god' so humm, I dunno, could there be something akin to backward-masking in comic pages? A new series is just coming out called *Door Man*. (Cult Press #3-1047 W. Carson St, Torrance, Ca 90502)

Wild Life/Genus

Antarctic press publish Japanese Manga related work and *Ninja High School* comics yet their much cooler 'funny animal' comics are quite steamy. *Wild Life* #3 is subtitled *Love and Haight* and the animal characters include a horse, panda and cats galore all 'loosed in human form. *Genus* is a new anthology with more of the same. (Antarctic Press #204—7272 Wurzbach, San Antonio, Texas 78240)

System Shock

The premiere issue of this horror anthology was revealed at the Con. Dan Simmons's *Metastasis*, John Skippy's gory *Film at Eleven* (a high point for the *Splatterpunk* collection from a few years back) and Richard Laymon's *Special* are told in this b&w graphic novel. \$12.50 Canadian, published three times a year

with the run to stop at the 10th issue. (Tusacay Press #365—1146 North Central, Glendale, Ca 91202)

Zombie Love/Ace of Spades

These two books come from the strange press *ZuZupetol*. Slickly produced titles with a sense of humor. *Zombie Love* already up to issue #4 features a person (7) with a pumpkin head (fairly original I'd say) and a very gothic feel. What gives? They're asking 20 bucks for *ZL #2*—get real guys, print some more. Their new title, *Ace of Spades* (91: The Ace Is Drawn) is an adventure series set in the world of Earthwalk which, we're told is very Earthlike. *ZuZupetol* has t-shirts and trading cards, too. Kooky yet commercial values. (*ZuZupetol* PO Box 3986, Chula Vista, Ca 91909)

**Xxenophile**

X-rated? Believe it. This is the sex anthology that openly declares apolitically correct policy while at the same time has the most raunchy—yet need we say unusual?—being around. Can a comic be considered PC if all the women have hourglass bodies, the men are hung like tree trunks and everyone comes ex-

trremely vocally? "Hot" yet not realistic. Dreamhaven books which publishes *Xxenophile* has also just released a collection of Neil Gaiman (Sandman) stories and poems. (Palliard Press/Dreamhaven 1309 4th St S.E., Mpls, Mn 55414-2029)

Danger Funnies

The comic *Cry For Dawn* has been a somewhat guilty pleasure of mine for some time; the anthology collects stories of a sexual nature (I'm being polite) and is well drawn and written. Once you get past the provocative covers that is, the CFD company has expanded and their ongoing books now include *Exotica* and *Danger Funnies* by Lance Toombs whom I met in San Diego. Lance's book is among the best I saw during the trip—poetic, lecherous and sexy; the freeform 'toons manage to stay in control. The first story is about a doomed romance for a jazz singer; the second a mixed race romance. This is most unlike *Cry For Dawn* and how refreshing! Look for it. (CFD Productions Ste #350, 360-A W. Merrick Rd, Valley Stream, NY 11580)

Lethargic Comics, Weakly

Greg and Steve are two Canadian lads from Burlington. Their book hits the stands monthly and is a take-off on superhero fanboyish comics. Some good gags and fine artwork; the standout's being *Lethargic Lad* and *The Amazing Walrus Boy*. One problem: I've never seen this book on sale in town. Worth a look in the "L" section. (PO Box 85067, Burlington, On, L7R 4K3)

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trash trip gets old fast...even if the writer is from Texas. (Roy Tompkins PO box 16022, Austin, TX 78761)

Prego/Detroit Murder City Comic

I met the pleasant Master of Prego and DMCC. He must hail from Detroit, as DMCC's written with the hostility of someone who 'got out' of there. Issue #2 shows cops cheerfully clanking down to coffee mug on the cover as mayhem breaks out around them. The dreary 28 pages are dedicated to the memory of Rob Tyser of the

MCS. Prego is reminiscent rhytically to Charles Bunsil Kazand (the material found in RAW. This comic is really gross! As the cover states this is "S not For Kids! Environmentally ill Adults Only!!") When's number two coming? (Aparaxia comic 2215 E. Market St. #411, San Francisco, CA 94114)

Too Much Coffee, Man

I shared a pizza with Shannon Wheeler the author of this new comic which came out this summer. TMC is a super hero and much of the plot seems concerned with drinking java. There was also a story about a woman and the two men in her life which I found more rewarding than Coffee Man. The gallery of sketches of TMC by solicited artists such as Dave 'Cerebus' Sim was a hoot. An ambitious first effort.

A Century of Women Cartoonists

(Kitchen Sink, 180 pgs, pb \$20.40)

Trina Robbins presents a history of women cartoonists and the amazing — somewhat hilarious — troubles many had to endure for the love of their art. The judge of a Omaha newspaper couldn't father that a 13-year-old girl had won their art contest back in 1895, so they ordered Rose O'Neil to produce a drawing on the spot to prove her skill. Or how about Hilda

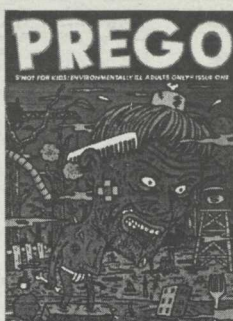


Trailer Trash

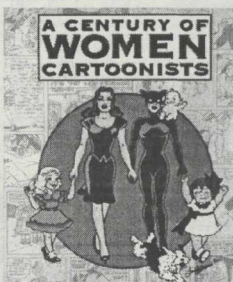
A highpoint of the huge exhibition area at the Coz was Sin Alley which included Mary Stallinger Blom, Dennis Stickney Worden and friends selling art and comics. I got Roy Tompkins Trailer Trash #6 just to find it was dropped in the shuffle of the Tundra/Kitchen Sink takeover. I can't say that the gross adventures of Harvey the Hillbilly Angel didn't make me smile at least once every few pages but the poor white

Terry whose Teens was a popular teenage strip; she was touring with an all-male group of cash register entertaining the troops at the end of WW2...one day she emerged from the lavatory to discover the group had left the country without her!

This book introduces us to images and their creators in the best way possible — by reproducing sections of actual strips. The characters shown range from the Campbell Soup Kids of 1913 (Grace Drayton's



creation) to Torchy Brown the Afro-American adventure strip star of the 50's; Woodrose, slightly ditz teenagers such as Millie the Model and Bobbie Sox from the 40's are pro-



filed as well as their much hipper cartoon sisters from the early 70's, Dolly Divine and Those Perfectly Permeable Peters Sisters.

The older pieces and adventure strips of the 40's get the most attention while the "underground" chapter is titled "Chicks" and "Women, Whynny, Winnie!" headlines the piece on women today and includes work by Julie Doucet, Nina Paley, Carol Lay, Roberta Gregory and Carole Moseiwitz. The book wraps up with a glimpse at this years controversial (some) look at homosexuality in Lynn Johnson's For Better Or Worse.

David Chelsea In Love

(Eclipses, 189 pgs pb, \$17.95) I met David Chelsea in San Diego which made reading his true tale of romance all the more interesting. He gave me a preview of what Minnie, his ex-girlfriend was all about. We figured she had probably attended the same manipulation school as an ex-boyfriend of mine. Ah, nothing like the instant soul connection of those lust in love.

The story begins in 1980 with

David crossing the country from New York to his parents home in Oregon. He meets Minnie and as their romance begins he learns she had been in an institution for two years; this is the only time any indication of mental illness is made. A long distance affair begins and ta-da! Minnie's moving to NY to live with our man Dave...oops then she checks out...then she goes anywhere. (Much of the romantic problems in this book seem to stem from indecision on the part of Minnie's involved in theatre (warning bells anyone?) and Rob Tyser of the

David has his artwork. Things meander on with breakfasts and affairs on both sides. Frankly, by the end of the book we don't have much use for either of these two. David for being too lenient in putting up with Minnie's character, and Minnie for playing with David's emotions. It's hard to feel too badly for Chelsea, as during the course of the book he intimates with four women. The art is fine (I can vouch that he looks exactly like he draws himself) and especially looks great when he draws in the fine dot pointillist manner. One segment shows a very crea-

tively drawn strip. As with much auto-bio material this book is more entertaining than something "made up." David Chelsea In Love is a long book, among the first of its size that I've seen in this genre. Strong storytelling and a happy ending to boot.

Strange Embrace

(Tundra UK, pb comic \$5.00) See all the comics mentioned on these pages? This is the only one that had my jaw drop in astonishment and my gut feeling queasy. Strange Embrace is a heck of a comic! This amazing tale is written and drawn by David Hine. As its impossible to describe without giving away the plot I'll have to suffice to say Strange Embrace features a mad scientist and evil gargoyle. So far there have been four issues and although a tad expensive its worth the money. The latest issue came out in October and seems to fully complete the story: I'm unsure if the book will continue but I sure hope so as the black & white artwork is sharp and the story makes me dizzy. Trust me on this one.

Four reasons to adore Last Gasp, the great comic publisher from San Francisco:

Verre D'eau

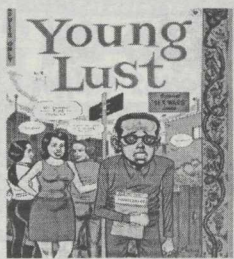
For years Last Gasp published Weirde an anthology of cool cartoonists. The series ended at #27 and this one-time-only special illustration issue of Weirde (published this year in France, hence the name) features all that is good in comic including: Debbie Drechsler, R. Crumb, my favorite goddess Mary Fleener and some guy named Peter Bagge. Attention: The entire run of Weirde has been reprinted!

Lonely Nights

Dori Soda died on February 26, 1988 from the combined effects of the flu and a car accident. She was one of the best cartoonists of the 80's and her frankly sexual art was hilarious, cutting and shocking. Did her co-worker really fall for that bkd chick? And how about that orgy at the women's retreat? And c'mon, was she really um, 'doing' her dog, Tony? Dori's work showed up in few publications and Lonely Nights was her one complete comic published in 1986. The long out of print book has been reprinted. Go Dori Go.

Saxy Stories From The World Religions

What a lovely surprise! I had no idea a second issue of this comic was coming out but here it is. I



don't recognize many of the artists who include Brad Johnson, Steven Cerio, Toshio Sacki (truly gory-censored), Tia Mercedes and Paul Fetter. The tales are vague to this pagan; they cover all parts of the world and we'll have to take the creator's word. Not for the weak.

Young Lust

Just how many years has it been between issues of Young Lust? Lots. Yet editor Jay Kinsney can only be forgiven for any delays when include these pages we find Zippy Pinhead and creator Bill Griffith participating in an orgy! Aside from this visual feast and the cover by Daniel Clowes, contributors include Terry Laban, Charles Burns, Spain, Carol Lay, Justin Green, Angela Bocage...good lord it just doesn't get any better than this. Happily and completely concerned with s-e-x.

TRUE FACTS:

We all know the nifty cover art on cub's new CD, *Betti-Cola*, is drawn by Archie comics artist Dan DeCarlo. But get this! Starting this month *Penthouse* magazine will feature a 12-page adult comic section and Mr. DeCarlo's work will be appearing. Yoicks, as I'd have heard...Speaking of local bands, check the *Smugler's* drummer CTRD! Bryce Dunn, featured in the hairstyles of the stars page of the latest *FetZ* magazine...You can't buy much for a buck twenty-five these days which made picking up the premiere "Fall" issue of *Sweet and Sour* so pleasant (got mine @ Zulu). The 18 page xeroxed zine mainly featured comic strips by Kazue Sugimoto on husbands and hockey, and Sebastian Brassard's takes on romance and crackpots'. Do we really have to wait till next Spring for the next? (order *Sweet and Sour*: \$323 - 916 W Broadway, VSZ 1K7)...Don't forget to mark Monday, Nov. 15 on your calendar as the Reading Railroad will feature *Maxine Gadd*, Sue Nevill and *Isabelle Klein* read and *Tony Pantano* gives a performance piece...Local band *Hazel Motel* kicked off a new feature on CBC's *Nightlines* where bands are being recorded with the effort then broadcast on David Watson's show. Hazel Motel picked their name from a Flannery O'Connor book *Wise Blood* which is about dueling evil southern street preachers. A signet version of this and two other of O'Connor's tales is available. Earlier this year *Tick Tock*

#1 came out. This cartoon collection features the work of Pat McEown and Ron Turner. Pat does political, and Ron, featured on the cover of Bum's CD *Wana Smash Sensation* and similar looking erm, men are featured in his stories. Ron Turner's art is more (real) life-like and his main story involves Stewart and his travels. Pat and Ron usually show up at the Comics Shows held at the Heritage

Hall on Main, and should sell their work for a few bucks there...Who's the mastermind behind *WATER, THERE'S A CONSPIRACY IN MY SOUP!* This guy — from the few clues given in an amusing little — you get one single male who lives in New West — has put together a hand-done zine which includes cool comic like *Anarchie*, stuff from the Star, a tribute to DOA and info on the JFK assassination. PLUS — here's where his assumption that — you get a mystery record with mine. Talk about generosity, *Zine* was Tulip by Steel Pole Bath-tub, who I had never heard before and found quite to my liking tho' not the sort of thing I'd run out and buy. Don't miss the first issue of *Scratch, Pop!* and Track for about five bucks. Next one is going to be "Why I Love Religion So Darn Much."

BY BRYCE DUNN

P: Yeah, towards the end of this month we're going to do a couple weeks with Redd Kross down the coast, then the south and east by ourselves, then the CMJ in New York in November, then hopefully get back to Seattle by mid-December.

P: Yeah. Actually the first time we came up here was with the Fastbacks and we played the old Cruel Elephant...

B: Well the Fastbacks kinda disbanded and that's when we got started. Then they got back together for a reunion show with Nate but we had first claim because he'd been playing with us more. Rusty (Willoughby, lead vocals and guitar) actually replaced Nate in the Fastbacks when Nate quit both bands for a while to go to Alaska. Then he came back, rejoined us and the Fastbacks got the drummer for the Posies for a while, but now they have the old Dharma Burns drummer.

B: We recorded this album by ourselves and his role was actually smaller than people will realize in that all he did was

P: I know some bands think it's stupid but last year it was one of the funnest shows on our tour. You can never tell with these kinds of things you go on tour and sometimes things turn out really shitty and you hate the bands you're playing with but then other times things are really great.

Conversation then disintegrated to me telling Paul about the time my girlfriend and I gave him \$3 bucks for a single and six months later we still hadn't got it. Incredibly he remembered the incident, offered me a t-shirt as consolation, and I left the interview vowing that if I ever saw the guy who wrote that review, I'd give him a punch in the mouth for Flop, me, and Buzzcocks fans everywhere.

Don Caballero hail from the rust infested town of Pittsburgh, proving that machine driven urban areas can, and do, spawn a reaction to the unionized, terminally unemployed from rust rampant in such areas. Guitars drive their sound like a hi-jacked semi, while the bass and drums are tightly packed and graced, making sense of the wheels don't wobble. This four-piece instrumental band are one of the latest additions to the Touch and Go label, yet guitar player Mike Banfield has a gripe about the media response to a band sans vocalist.

"Yes, sometimes we get branded as a jazz group. There seems to be some debate as to that fact, but I think that when some people hear a band with no vocals they think of jazz."

Doubt it. I hear traces of the solo Steve Hunter LPs, or the rocky parts of Phil Manzanera's 801. There is not a lot of guitar soloing in the Don sound, but more of a busy, cohesive drive that merges and splits at random. Part of the tightness comes from the recent addition of Ian Williams on second guitar ("I love being in a band with two guitars," says Banfield). The Don songs have a flair for drama and dynamics, and don't be surprised if you hear some King Crimson influences bursting through. For example, "New Laws," off their brand new release *For Respect* (Touch and Go), boasts angular, flowing tones that are both abrupt and precise, making the band future fodder for a feature in *Guitar Player* mag.

Don Caballero started out as a local band that decided to put out a couple of singles. The second single was self-released, and that is where the climb began: from unknown Steel Town Tripp fans to recognition from one of the biggest indie labels in the world.

"I pressed 500 copies of the second single," says Banfield, "and we went through all the big distributors. We spoke with City Slang, a distributor in Germany that handles some of the Touch and Go stuff, like Seam. They told Corey [Rusk, owner of Touch and Go] about us first. Then we decided to record our new album with Steve Albini. At that point, we didn't know who was going to put it out, we just wanted to record something good. So, while we were in Chicago recording the record, we played a show, and Corey came down and checked us out. We had played in Chicago with Tar and a couple other Touch and Go bands before, so he might have seen us then, but this time he was there to see just us. So we left Chicago with a new record and a little buzz about us going around."

While the band went back to Pittsburgh with a well-recorded, well performed document of their sound, the feeling of accomplishment was validated with a call from Rusk a couple weeks later, asking Don Caballero if they would be interested in having the record released by Touch and Go.

"We were like 'Yes.' We felt so good when we found out that we were on Touch and Go," says Banfield.

A single was released on Touch and Go this summer past, "Our Caballero" b/w "My Ten Year Old Lady

Is Giving It Away." The A-side was culled from the Albini sessions, while the B-side is an outtake from the band's first recording endeavor. *For Respect* was released the first of October.

There has been an attractive array of bands recently engaging in what could be termed as offshoot punk rock. Slint and the late Breedwinner are prime examples; the bands follow an aggressive line of attack, yet the songs are ambitious forays into more complicated musical territory. While the Minutemen were one of the first bands to explore punk rock fusion, the current sound is less funky and approaches the spirit of rock.

"I think combining complex and harder edged sounds is new to punk rock," says Banfield. It's not really a conscious thing. Bands that are being complex with a punk rock background are maybe influenced by Bastro or Bitch Magnet. There are a growing number of bands that are leaning in that direction, bands who seem to care a lot about the music, to the point of extending the instrumental parts of their songs. I know that the last time we were on the road, doing the east coast, we had people coming up to us after the shows and telling us how interesting we were, and how they are playing music along the same lines in their own bands."

Don Caballero's fall tour will provide the nation with bills comprised of musically ambitious, like-minded bands. Shows with Vinceland, Rodan, and Seam are on the itinerary in different parts of the U.S. Louisville-based Rodan is another new charge of Touch and Go, while

Vinceland is Jon Fine from Bitch Magnet's new project. With the prominence provided by the upcoming tour, Banfield believes that Don Caballero may be opening a few doors.

"Getting signed to a reputable label, despite the fact that we don't use vocals, should encourage other bands to take a chance with their style. Our getting signed means labels will pay attention to you even if you're not singing. I don't think we're new to this type of music, but...it's another step."

Don Caballero

BY STEVE MILLER



Don Caballero plays the Cruel Elephant on Friday, November 5. GO!



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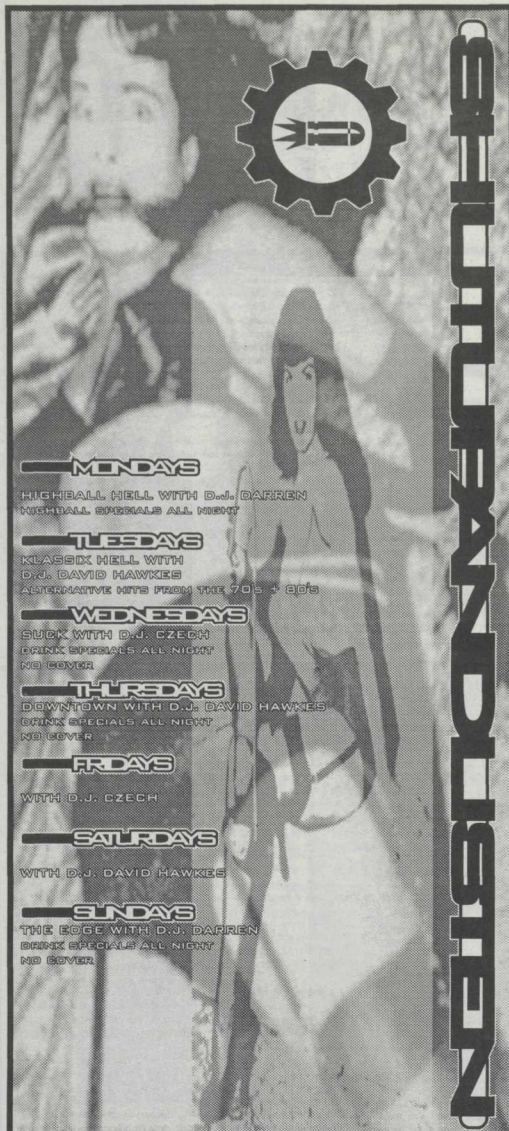
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TANIA BOLSKAYA

I had reached my breaking point. I was not sure if I was able to continue. I kept myself going by reminding myself that the public must not be disappointed, but my strength had been sapped and my endurance was waning.

I saw forty-three films in seventeen days. That may sound like a mere 2.639 films per day to a cold-hearted statistician but spending five long hours out of every twenty-four at the Ridge, the Cinematheque, or other like butt-numbing screening facility is deemed torture by most civilized cultures.

In the name of DISORDER moving picture aficionados, I perceived. Here, for your information and delectation, are the pinacles of celluloid excitement and the deliriums of movie disappointment from the 1993 Vancouver International Film Festival.

In the handy clip-out format, this column could stay with you like a wart. Throughout the year, the films screened at the Vancouver International Film Festival between October 1st and 17th will be returning to this very page in regular runs at local theatres and on video. As they are largely independent pictures, their return will probably not be accompanied by alot of bally-hoo and they may easily go unrecognized by the greater public for the entertainment bonanzas that they are. Armed with your very own fridge edition of Video Philter, you will be able to quickly and simply determine whether that film you kinda sorta maybe remember from last festival is worth the \$3.50 rental charge, \$8.00 admission, or time away from the Who's the Boss (ital) marathon on TBS.

Of course, over 250 movies were screened at this year's festival, so the fraction of that total that I was able to see in no way comprises a majority or even a substantial portion of the whole. I was practicing strategic viewing and generally it paid off.

I gave a miss to almost all of the bigger budgeted, most talked about, award winning flicks. Titles like *The Wedding Banquet* (ital), *The Piano* (ital), and *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* (ital) will be making lengthy sojourns in Vancouver theatres very soon. (*The Wedding Banquet* (ital) is already playing in town.) They have and will get so much coverage that this little column doesn't need to trouble her booze-addicted head about them. Besides, I was unwilling to stand in the two hour long line-ups just for the opportunity to be among the first to add two cents to the pile.

I also missed (purely due to scheduling problems, of course!) most of the more "difficult" and "unaccessible" films. Not to comment on its value as an artistic endeavour, *Paraisol* (ital) is a good example of the type of film I did not feel culturally educated enough to enjoy, summarized by its director as: "No plot, no story, no main characters. It's a comedy" it was described to me by CTR Art Director Chris Chen as a bunch of misprints of guys trying to ride their bicycles up the Alps. I surmised that too many of my dwindling number of brain cells would be required to enjoy a film of this nature and, in a series of purely personal decisions, I stuck to easier fare.

In Seun's Horton Hears a Who (ital), the residents of Whoville were said by the smallest citizen of all. In my mind, the Vancouver Film Fest was "wor" by the silliest film of all. *Fong Sai-Yuk* (ital) was the most gut wrenching hour and a half I've spent in a movie theatre in a long time. I laughed and chortled and gawped and giggled and cackled until it was over. Then I went home and giggle to myself at this cross-dressing, kung-fu fighting, Billy



Kwan's 19th century period costume saga. The plot is as self-consciously convoluted and idiotic as the martial arts special effects and the gothic of the intentionally over-the-top production play up its truckloads. If you ever hear of Fong Sai-Yuk (ital) hitting any of the Chinese cinema's tin, don't hesitate to make an evening of it. Don't worry, it's subtitled in both English and Mandarin.



Another hot Hong Kong flick that could make a showing at the Golden Harvest or the Jackie Chan vehicle *Crimine Story* (ital). Van Damme, Arnold, and Stallone are grossly misused slabs of flesh that could take a few lessons in action finesse from Mr. Chan. A "true story" of the police investigation of the kidnapping of "unconscious property nags" *Wong Fat Yee, Crime Story* (ital) does for real what Fong Sai-Yuk (ital) so successfully plays with. The martial arts fly and the big special effects stunt explode to maximum entertainment effect. *Crimine Story* (ital)'s action does occasionally become overly unbelievable but that is no way detracts from the film's enjoyability.

Maybe I was on a subconscious anti-intellect crusade, but the third film I would have to give uninitiated kudos to was Richard Linklater's *peluca* *segundo*, *Dazed and Confused* (ital). I found *Slacker* (ital), that generation-defining (I hope not) hyperbolically acclaimed Linklater debut, to be a huge disappointment so I was surprised to have a host of a film at Dazed and Confused (ital). To say that it wallowed in its setting would be to underestimate the case. The recent '70's revival has little to do with what makes this travelogue to 1976 such a happening flick. Following a bunch of teenagers around their small Texas town on the last

night of school before summer, little actually happens in the movie. It's the great dialogue, the occasionally weak, occasionally excellent of *Slacker* (ital), that propels *Dazed and Confused* (ital) along its merrily boozed up and drugged out way. And that soundtrack! Never have I felt closer to the kitchen guys at the restaurants I have worked at and never have I been soed more greatly the demise of CHBX. If only Linklater had included the kitchen guys at the restaurants I have worked at and never have I been soed more greatly the demise of CHBX. If only Linklater had included the kitchen guys at the restaurants I have worked at and never have I been soed more greatly the demise of CHBX.

Just as loveably goofy, twice as daft, and slightly more modern was *My Life In Tamarand* (ital). The minimally budgeted first film off by New York disaffected film-show-by-types Eric Shaeffer and Donald Larder Ward was a triumph of understatement. Mirroring their own incredibly incredible attempts to start their lives by making a film, as Eric puts it, "We play ourselves into a chamber." With cameos by Martha Plimpton and Phoebe

Cates (because these are celebrities the boys have bumped into while living in New York), *My Life In Tamarand* (ital) hardly shows that it was made for \$22,000 by two guys with no filmmaking experience. What is greatly in evidence is their gently self-deprecating wit and general likability.

Alan Ginsberg, like most of his contemporaries in the group known as the Beats, is inherently charming. One of the reasons I enjoy biographical studies of Jack Kerouac, Neil Cassidy, William Burroughs, and Alan Ginsberg is that, beyond their literary impact, there seem to be humane being fascinating characters. The fact that *The Life and Times of Alan Ginsberg* (ital) uses the author's own poetry and music to describe his personality, environment, and history made the documentary all that much more entertaining for me. It's hard to believe that director Jerry Aronson spent ten years editing 120 hours of footage and only came up with 60 minutes of material but at least he lets his eloquent script speak for himself. If you know nothing about Ginsberg or the Beats, this biography will no doubt baffle you as it has few explicating details. For those looking for something more than the standard encyclopedia write-up, this montage of TV clips and interviews delves into the man described as the most talented of the Beat poets and comes up with a warm portrait of a great human being.

Spectrally opposed to *The Life and Times of Alan Ginsberg* (ital) was Derek Jarman's biography of Austrian philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein. Cold, hard, and bordering on impenetrable, Jarman proves with this tableaubed biographical dramatization that he is indeed the master of pretension in British cinema. The proverbial chip on this director's shoulder looms large and inhibitingly in his work and personally I wish he would cease taking on projects whose cynosopes intrigue me so that I stop getting suckered into sitting through his film. Wittgenstein (ital) was strikingly contained and lit but at the expense of the substance of the work. An interesting photograph it was, an interesting hour and a half long film it was not.

Another British film I found pretentious, though certainly not on the level of Mr. Jarman, was *The Cement Garden* (ital). My roommate tells me I'm absolutely wrong, but I couldn't help but think that this story of isolation and incest on the out-outskirts of London tried too hard to be spooky taboo and not hard enough to explain its grantedly interesting character's motivations. Director Birkin was called "stylized" by the Film Fest guide and I have to agree with the use of the adjective. Unfortunately, Birkin has yet to become "sustained."

The Secret Rapture (ital), on the other hand, shares many elements with *The Cement Garden* (ital); they both are very atmospheric and centre on with dynamics within dysfunctional British

families. The Secret Garden (ital), however, manages to voice a sub-text that the other film doesn't even whisper at. Juliet Stevenson (Truly, Madly, Deeply (ital)) is the "nice" sister in a family who has always taken advantage of that character flaw in her. When her father dies she is forced to deal with her alcoholic step-mother. The first film from acclaimed stage director Howard Davies, *The Secret Rapture* (ital) is initially baffling and fairly tragic but always through provoking.

Anti-tragic, quiet, and profound, *The Women from the Lake of Scented Souls* (ital) is a modest look at others, director Xie Fei focuses on the life of Xiang Enao, a highly successful sesame oil maker whose domestic existence has little to envy about it. In an astounding performance, Signa Gaowa portrays the matriarch Enao in all her tough vulnerability.

If you dig a hole in China deep enough, the Shanghai youth will see, you would have to allow the way to America. Director Xian Savoca's submission to the film fest, *Household Saints* (ital) is the strange and moving tale of the less vocal people. New York neighbourhood dwellers are probably the most popular in film history, but *Household Saints* (ital) shows the other side of the coin. The melodrama and bombast are left aside in favour of a quirky script and great performances by Lily Taylor, Tracey Ullman, and Vincent D'Onofrio.

Romeo Is Bleeding (ital) shows a more familiar Big Apple. The feasting, feasting of police corruption, mob rule, and ceaseless violence oozes into every scene so melodramatically that the action would have been cartoonish if it weren't so grim. *Romeo Is Bleeding* (ital) had its moments but my tolerance for this sort of film, and for Juliette Lewis one of its stars, is rapidly dwindling away. Lead Gary Oldman makes the film watchable as the cop trying to play both sides (the force and the family) against the middle but even he couldn't settle my stomach.

There was a time when filmmakers did I feel the need to show gratuitous violence in order to make an entertaining movie. Yes, that statement could easily have been made by Michael Medved or your local Reform Party candidate but, honestly, I meant it in a completely non-judgemental way. Classics like *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (ital), *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (ital), and *The Thief of Baghdad* (ital) can simultaneously exist with modern cinema and they did at the Dream Matrie series during this year's festival. The big screen is definitely the place these grandiose extravaganzas belong, especially *Hunchback* (ital). It is unfortunate that the Vogue is no longer going to be a movie theatre and had to be converted for the festival. The temporary nature of the screen and sound were a bit too evident. The Stanley would of

COURSE, been the perfect choice but in a world where evilemporators like Famosus Play-ers Theatre exist, perfection is most often impossible.

Perfect would hardly be the adjective I would use to describe the 1993 Vancouver International Film Festival but, dam it, they try so hard. Surprisingly, I found many of the selections to be not the mesmerizing celluloid wonder I thought they would be but that can probably be put down to specing expectations. The biggest disappointment of the festival was ironically the most physically painful also. *Stalngal* (ital) was recommended to me by the paper, by the festival guide, by word of mouth, and by the people of Groumont, where it was the most popular film of the year, as a stellar achievement of the screen. It was instead two and a half hours of bloody war scenes interspersed with scenes of men freezing and starving to dead. *Stalngal* (ital) is a ultimate message - War Is Evil - was one I hardly needed such a lesson to learn. The grisly images and plodding storyline were coupled with the intensely uncomfortable Ridge Theatre seats to make *Stalngal* (ital) one of my worst movie experiences in a long time.

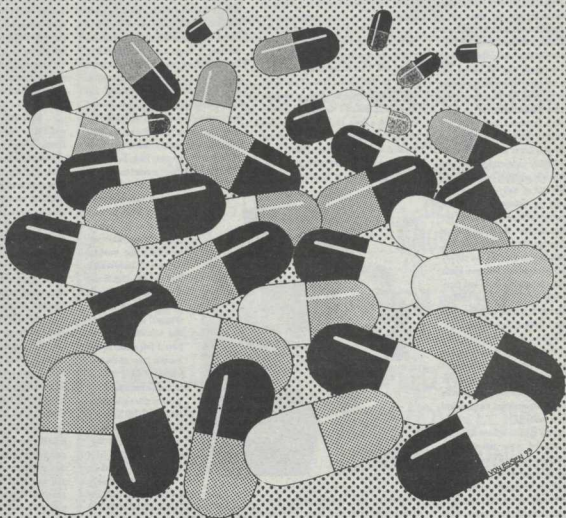
I also felt let down by the Canadian production *Zoe Patience* (ital), although by no means to the same degree. Funny in parts, innovative in technique, and discussion provoking in content, the whole just did not add up to the rollicking good time I was led to believe it would be. Which is not to say that I wouldn't recommend the film to those interested in the premise of a fantasy musical about AIDS. I would only suggest that they make allowances for the director's inexperience with the feature film medium and the Canadians of the technical quality.

To end at the beginning, the one thing at the film fest that thrilled me to the cockles of my heart (wherever they are) and gave me goodwill towards everyone involved with its organization was the Opening Night Gala. Completely caught my surprise when I got my invitation, I was overwhelmed by joy when I read the names of the event's sponsors: Starbucks and Sautimoff (ital) go to the film portion of the evening and I'm pretty sure Digger (ital) was an okay feel-goody sort of thing. But my primary directive there was to get drunk with the rich and famous and that I did with considerable aid. I think. So to conclude this special film festival Video Philter, I'd like to thank the organizers of the festival for the films, the hors d'oeuvres, the coffee, and most of all, the vodka. God Bless You.

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REDD KROSS

HOW CAN YOU tell that an interview is going to be harder than you thought it would?

You wake at 5:10 a.m. and you can't get back to sleep because you're going to interview your favorite band at 9:30, so you lie there awake until 7:30, then get up, wait for their call at 9:30, and they don't call, so you call their rep and he says that you're actually supposed to call them, and he gives you the number of the hotel that they're staying at in Hamilton, Ontario, and you call and ask to speak to Jeffrey McDonald but the desk clerk says there's no one there by the name McDonald, so you call the rep back and he tells you to try asking for their tour manager, he gives you their name, and you call back again and get through to the tour manager, but he says the band is in a different room, he can't transfer you, and you have to call back again and do for their room, which you do, but somehow your call gets lost between the hotel switchboard and the room, so you call the rep again and he calls up the hotel while you're on another line, gets a hold of Jeffrey McDonald and conferences the two calls together, so that you're finally talking to who you were supposed to be talking to 20 minutes ago, only to find out that you've just woken him up.

Redd Kross are brothers Jeffrey and Steven McDonald, who sing and respectively play guitar and bass, with Gere Fennelly on keys, Brian Reitzell on drums, and Eddie Kurdziel on lead guitar. They are currently on tour to support their new album, *Phaseshifter*. When *Discorder* did finally talk to Jeffrey McDonald, this is what he had to say.

Discorder: Did we wake you up?
Jeffrey McDonald: No, actually, I was supposed to be awake already. Well, I was a little bit asleep but that's fine because

I'm supposed to be up anyway.

by Heather Campbell

Did you play last night?
Yeah,

we're in Hamilton.

It's really a nice place. It's kind of cool, it has its character.

I read in your bio that you changed your name from Redd Kross to Redd Kross because of a lawsuit, but I also heard a rumor that you were named after a Shonen Knife song. Which is the real story?
No, that's not true. They wrote a song about us and then we wrote a song about them. ["Shonen Knife" on *Third Eye*].

Not only are you rock stars but you're also movie stars. When you made that movie *Spirit of '76*, you got to meet both David Cassidy and Lief Garrett, who must have been childhood idols of yours. Was it weird to meet them?

No, not at all. They were very cool. If they were total showbiz freaks it would have been really difficult, but they were actually very cool about it.

Well, it would have been pretty hard for Lief Garrett to pull some kind of ego trip, considering how his career has been going lately. You would be very surprised at what people try to pull...

You were also in *Gas, Food, Lodging*—a bit part where you played a bad guy club D.J.. from L.A. What was it like to play a bad guy? It was fun.

Steven wasn't in that movie with you, and you guys are kind of an inseparable pair, was he jealous?
No. It was filmed in New Mexico, and it would have been quite difficult and

expensive for him to hang around just because he was jealous.

What happened with Atlantic Records [who put out *Third Eye*]?
It was two years before Nirvana had a hit, so no underground band had ever had a hit record or anything. That label was essentially geared towards marketing very huge mainstream acts, and so they signed us on a gamble. They saw us play this huge sold out show in New York and figured that we had what it takes, but when it got down to it, it was a matter of lawyers looking at who was selling records, and they hadn't recouped their original advance, so they dropped us. They obviously weren't geared towards us at the time. It worked out in the long run.

So, that's why you chose *This Way Up*, because it's a smaller, independent label.
Yeah, exactly. They knew what they were talking about, so it wasn't so silly. But we're still on Polygram, they're really nice people.

Is *This Way Up* a little more open to less production on recordings?
Oh, no. No record label has ever told us how to make a record, that's never happened. It's just been an artistic clash. It's just that Atlantic didn't know how to sell our records, that's all. *This Way Up*'s a little more clued in because they're more involved in underground music. The people who make up *This Way Up* definitely know what they're talking about and they know more about the stuff we do.

What happened to Robert Hecker? He was with your band for a long time and now he's gone.
Did

you guys kick him out or what? He didn't want to play anymore...not with us. He wanted to mellow out, do something different, because touring and everything got too intense for him. He has a recording studio now.

Eddie Kurdziel (who replaced Robert Hecker) has a totally different style. Does that have something to do with why you replaced him?
Yeah, a little bit. We wanted someone who had more of a heavy-duty edge, and Robert was getting really progressive sounding. But, you know, that wasn't the problem with us, really. Robert couldn't stay, he just wanted to do something else.

Does he have his own band now?
Yeah, they're called It's O.K.

Do they sound like Redd Kross at all?
No.

Are you good friends with Jellyfish? Roger Manning looks and acts just like Steven on stage.
Yeah, we're good friends with Roger. They're a really great band.

How did you get involved in the *Freedom Of Choice* compilation? [A CD compilation of "yesterday's new wave hits as performed by today's stars," from which the proceeds go to Planned Parenthood.]
The people that did it were old friends

of ours. Their company up in North Carolina makes our T-shirts, a very PC company, and they asked us if we wanted to do it. We said sure, recorded the song in our garage and gave it to them.

How do you feel about the recent '70's revival, because you've been doing it since at least the mid-80's? Do you feel like you've been ripped-off?
No, not at all. Actually since the early 80's. Most of the stuff that people are into, they do it wrong. We always mix a lot of 60's stuff in.

Yeah, I can hear a more garage-y sound in your new album.

We've always been a garage band, we just wanted to make a record that sounded like us, just the way we sound live, and hopefully that happened.

I can hear that, especially in the keyboards. Where did you find your keyboardist? She's really great.
From San Francisco. She was playing around a lot and she had a cabaret act in San Francisco. She said that she wanted to tour with us so I went and saw her and asked her to be in the band.

Is there anything you want to say about your new album? We made it, we love it, go get it.

INTERVIEW

Urge Overkill:

stimulus, impulse, motivation, desire, propulsion

Part 1:

"...there is no more potent a recipe for an utterly nightmarish acid trip than a sudden near death experience..."

This was my second endeavor, as the agent of *Disorder* magazine, to review a show by the illustrious Urge Overkill. Two years ago they weren't nearly so illustrious and played to only a fair-sized crowd at the Cruel Elephant, in its very first incarnation on Granville St... Then, as now, they were (in their own words) "lean, focused and ready to rock," complete with (recently patented) UO medallions, the customary (now annoyingly overemphasized) suave sexy stage clothes, and bad attitude to spare. As was proven true on all counts at their most recent show in Vancouver, very little has changed. What has changed, of course, is the climate of rock these days (the days before Dave Pirner and Eddie Vedder were parodied on *SNL*...*sig*) and Urge have successfully climbed aboard the steamship bound for superstardom. Ahh, and with David Geffen at the helm, a stiff sarong in hand, and the very forces of hell behind them, no wonder they look so smug in all their carefully orchestrated photos. They smile with the sweet knowledge that they are picked to click.

My first review never really got written. My time spent in the company of Urge was so traumatic I was weeks recovering, and then it seemed pointless. The July 1991 issue of *Disorder* featured an interview with Urge in which they made reference to "a girl on acid who fell out of a truck." Sadly enough, that girl was me, and, furthermore, I flew (through the air about twenty feet) out of the back of a pickup moving at a fair clip. Miraculously, I was unhurt; I almost seemed to rebound off the pavement and in a millisecond was standing on my feet. UO was openly impressed with this display, enthusiastically addressing me from the back of the truck now down the road. "Oh, my gawd, that was sooo graceful!" Needless to say, I was shaken.

Aye, there is no more potent a recipe for an utterly nightmarish acid trip than a sudden near death experience. Add a swinging party (comes with raging bonfire and live death metal band) at Vancouver's notorious Plaza, a dash of sex-starved angry rock band, still and restless. I ran away from the party screaming, "I hate Urge Overkill!" National and Blackie were both too busy with the groupie action to notice my maniacal exit from the party. Perhaps some of you are familiar with the eight circuits of the human nervous system - I accessed my neurotic circuit that night. It is imprinted by shock and near death experience (helped along by those hallucinogens) and concerned with quantum consciousness and non-local awareness. As I ran home through the sinister streets of the East End, scared and hysterical, I realized that the rock'n'roll archetype had shown her ever intriguing face in yet another guise - that of National Kato, Blackie Onassis and King (Ed) Roeder - and that face was branded (most unfortunately) indelibly in the deepest recesses of my mind.

Part 2:

"...this band was a servant of, and most definitely contractually obligated to, Lord Satan himself..."

The Town Pump was packed to the gills and rife with juicy rumors when I arrived. Could it be true? Could Blackie, in a fit of ill-temper, have punched the short order cook at the Town Pump, Tony, and broken his glasses? Not only that, but the story goes that during the course of the altercation he also delivered the ultimate low blow: a nasty racial slur. Urge Overkill weren't going to play, the staff of the Pump were ready to kick the living shit out of the band and were seriously contemplating pressing charges. Timbre productions, in the most precarious of situations, were forced to be masters of diplomacy. They commissioned the help of Paul Moss who located the band-watching strippers at the Cecil Hotel and somehow convinced them, by what means I don't know, to play.

Suddenly they were onstage. What assholes, I thought. Well, they look good, I acquiesced. Okay, they look great. Okay, Nate Kato's the sexiest guy I've ever seen. Okay, they rock, but who needs them? They're all obviously decadent drug addicts, conceited and even more smug than in those damned photos. They've proven themselves to be jerks and ultimately they're empty. There's nothing behind that flashy glamorous exterior and it'll catch up with them in the end. Urge had sold out, and in the most petty way possible. They were sauntering up to the brass ring, disks in hand, "Do you like it baby?" and if you don't, "Here's a quarter to go call someone who gives a fuck. Urge always has a quarter for these people."

It is noteworthy to add that, having fully recovered from my previous hallucinogenic trip with UO, and in an effort to procure an interesting review for *Disorder* I naughtily ingested a few cups of mushroom tea before the show. It wasn't long before I began to recall, rather vividly, my previous experience with the band: National repeatedly turning up my stereo against my wishes; being virtually kidnapped and driven away in the pickup truck; Blackie with his arm around me "Come on, baby, let's go check out this party," flying through the air... running screaming down the street.

The band loomed larger than life, arrogantly surveying the crowd with heavy-lidded eyes. And when National announced between songs, "All you girls can sit on my dick," there was no a doubt left in my mind, this band was a servant of, and most definitely contractually obligated to, Lord Satan himself. Yes, they were conductors of pure evil. Yet at the same time (Isn't life full of strange dichotomies?) I was drawn in by the high energy throbbing rock beat. Contrary to my habit, I found myself moaning rather wildly with assorted dumb jocks-and it must be admitted, even performed a well-executed stage dive.

Town Pump security certainly had a time keeping control at the front. The pit was fierce and sweaty, comparable only to that of a Superconductor gig. Their true will was to rock our world - and no woman or man said nay.

I have a vague recollection of holding my lighter in the air during a particularly moving number. No, that wasn't my voice heckling the band between songs. Good god, I blush to think on't, I was grabbing for the butts of cute boys unknown. For, yet again, I was rendered insane, and perhaps permanently marked by the carnal energies of the Urge. Looking around it was obvious that I wasn't alone. That's not to say there wasn't a tangible faction of people that didn't enjoy the show, for a variety of reasons. Foremost, I deduced, because UO weren't likeable. It was undeniable that the band appeared to have little, if any, respect for their audience. Not very indie rock was it, was it? They simply reeked of up-and-comingsness, and in the competitive, over-saturated (no pun intended) scene, most of the jaded folk could take it or leave it. Secondly, spurred on by the bands demeanor, popular opinion seems to have rallied on the side of Tony, the cook. At any rate, no one expressed their disapproval of said altercation via their consumer power-all of Urge's merchandise sold out, entirely. After a couple of spirited encores, UO was rushed out of the club, presumably to avoid the out-for-blood Town Pump employees.

Part 3:

"...a few minutes later Nash and I looked over and Blackie had dissolved into tears on the couch."

When I arrived at the hotel, King told me kids snidely that the band had to change into their post-show outfits before they would receive me. I meandered around the lobby of the Chateau Granville where I caught sight of a police officer, who I correctly assumed to be assigned to UO's case. Finally, I was greeted by a visibly shaken Blackie, nursing a painful wrist. To my surprise he was very pleasant and seemed glad to have someone to talk to regarding his possibly pending litigation.

His side of the story (deny it if you will) is as follows: According to Blackie, the cook said they would have to wait one hour for their meal, and although annoyed, they agreed to go hide time in the dressing room. Allegedly, the cook tried to prevent them from going downstairs for some reason, "words were exchanged," then push came to shove and the next thing you know, both are on the (filthy) Town Pump kitchen floor. He denies making the racist comment. Blackie went to get some more ice for his wrist and I puttered around the kitchen, brewing some more mushroom tea. I couldn't help but admire the alcohol rider, consisting of several varieties of hard liquor in 40 oz. bottles, much beer and UO's favorite kind of champagne.

a true-life testimonial

by Kimberly J. Rowan

remembering my first trip

Q. 1. +



Discorder had the fortunate opportunity to talk with Suzette Fontaine, singer of the Tulips. Anything that has and had to be said are included in the interview, so read it and then go buy their first full-length release, *Jack Mag* (Sonic Bubblegum).

Discorder: I got a big bio saying,

basically, who you are, what you sound like, what you've done and whatever, but why don't I just get you to say it? Can you tell us where the Tulips are from?

Suzette: We're from Boston, but that doesn't mean anything cause everybody's from Boston. But no one's really from Boston, ya know what I mean? Everybody comes here to get jobs or to go to school, but nobody's really from here. It's where we all met but we're not very New England. New Englanders have a certain feel to them and we're not very much like that.

Why did you all decide to go to Boston? Is there a good music scene there?

No. Mike [Mibarger, guitarist] went because it was his first real job, I went 'cause I was in love, we just all ended up in Boston. We all met because we'll see each other at clubs with similar bands. There are always a lot of bands in Boston which is one good thing about it.

Is it mostly a bar scene?

Ya, unfortunately. It's so silly to have a music scene so dependent on a bar scene when so much of the population is under twenty-one. But that's the way it is here.

In some places in the states, if you're under twenty-one you can get in to see bands at bars but you just can't drink, is that the way in Boston?

Some shows are like that, like nineteen-plus shows: you have to be nineteen for some stupid insurance reason. You can see the show but you can't drink and you get a little arm band or something. But a lot of shows you can't even get in there. You can be under nineteen and still like music. It's really hard and we don't have a lot of all ages places to play.

Do you play outside of the city?

Ya, we play New York and we did a couple of dates last week in Columbus and Cleveland — we did the Ohio world tour. It'd be fun to have the same line up so we could just go everywhere and do everything instead of stop. Start. Stop. Start.

Is it bass players that you keep going through?

No, the whole band. Basically, I started the band by getting all these people in other bands to play a different instrument so they would have fun. I can't sing. I can't play an instrument, so I decided I needed a band for therapy. So I invited all these people away from other bands. Tim Shen from Green Magnet School got to be on drums, when he normally played guitar, and Mark Odoles, from this really hard band called Cudgel to play a melodic guitar. Mike was a bassist in this little band called Sugarburn, but he got to be a guitarist. Lisa was a DJ at a local radio station and she'd never played bass before, so I thought it would be cool to have someone in the band at the same level as me. It was fun. We did one single and played a couple of gigs then practically got a whole new line up. Green Magnet School started doing a lot of stuff so we had to say goodbye to Tim for a while. We got a new drummer and our bass player moved to Chapel Hill for her big job. Mark thought he didn't have enough songs to go around for two bands so we got a new guitarist.

Who in the band does the writing?

The whole band. I do words, of course, 'cause I'm the one who has to sing them. Mike will come in with a chunky riff on guitar that sounds close to a real cool bass line, 'cause he was a bass player, and then just kind of build up around that. With each song you can definitely tell who was in the band at the time.

Has the sound changed since Kate [McLaughlin] became your bassist?

Ya, it's become more complex because Kate is very, very good. Not that Trevor [Pru] wasn't. This girl Trevor was our bass player before Kate and she was a real James Lister-style bass player, really heavy and really repetitive. Kate is very diverse, so our songs get a lot more complex. It's fun to play all sorts of styles. Last week we played five nights in a row. I love hard stuff and metal but at the end of those five nights I thought, "God, I want something with a melody and a beat I can dance to." It's really fun to get up and scream your guts out, but really, how long can you do it before you're a poser? I mean, how long can you really be pissed off? Maybe our next thing will be kind of different.

How did you realize that you could wait like that?

I dunno. I can wait so much more now. The trick is to be able to sing well and go back and forth, that's the hard part, 'cause once you wear out your voice, all you can do is kind of rasp. Someone like Kat from Babes in Toyland can do both, and she's amazing. People are a lot harder on women. I don't know if it's social conditioning or if it's actually physical, but I hear people say "Oh my god, that girl grates, that irritates me, she's a walling whine." When you listen to guys in bands [Suzette makes yelling noises that resemble gorilla calls], they're out of tune half the time, but I think that because they're in a lower vocal register people don't pay as much attention. I find guys get a lot less of that. If you're a girl and fronting the band you better be damn good, 'cause you're going to get a lot more scrutiny.

Especially in punk rock. People are really critical of women and often say they suck or can't play their instruments, but punk rock is not about being slick it's about just doing something. And sometimes even women are really critical; they don't want to be tied into the bimbo category. They want to know if she can play three instruments and if she has a twenty octave range. How many guys have to do that? All a guy has to do is grip himself up and just have the balls to do it. Why does a woman have to have the vocal range of Kate Bush and the hatred of Courtney Love? Why can't a girl just get up and do anything? Guys do it all the time. They have the confidence and the security to do it because they aren't being so scrutinized [as much as women]. I had this guy say to me, "So, all of your songs are about sex." And I said, "Well, it's rock and roll, what did you think it would be about?" Then I looked at the cover and thought, "this is about sex." Some of my favorite bands, like the God Bullies and the Cows have songs that begin with sex in a sexy boy voice! "I like it like that... when you do me." If a girl did that song everyone would gape and say, "Oh, it's about sex." No kidding, you idiot! I guess I'm supposed to get up and sing about whales or childbirth. So I told this guy, "I

think whatever a woman does you're going to think is sexy." I do know if that's optimistic thinking or if it's advertising.

That's how women are minimized. It's soothing for cock-rockers if they can sum up a woman as just singing about sex and only being sex.

And in hard music men want what a guy sings, he does with his dick in his hand. And that's totally cool cause that's probably exactly what he meant. Why can't I mean exactly the same thing in my own sexual terms?

Do you think you make more of a contribution, or a unique contribution, because you're a girl?

I do for sincerity. When you get up and you're thrashing around it's very sincere because you're frustrated and have all this repressed stuff. Some of music's angrier stuff is coming from the black or female community. Take a white suburban guy — I mean I love them, some of them are my friends — take my roommate, he's 6'2", well educated, and has never needed anything his entire life. What does he have to be mad about? If he stood up and vented all this rage I'd be like, "Are you okay?" I kind of feel sorry for suburban white guys. It kind of makes any frustration they show illegitimate.

I went to a Public Enemy concert and although I really identified with them their audience should have realized that I'm a huge minority because I'm female. I think it would be cool to get some of these devoted up in Nazi gear to stand behind me onstage like they have guys doing. I'd feel sorry for the really cool guys in my band if someday someone said to them "you're in a riot girl band." Jen from Malachite is filling for guitar some of our shows while Jimmy [Fontaine] finishes up school. I'm telling Mike that he was going to be in a riot girl band. "You're going to be like that guy in Hole, that freak in Hole who everybody asks 'who is that girl?' That's the ugliest girl I've ever seen." We now have three girls and two guys. I'm afraid to have all these guys because I don't want everything starting out with "all female band" in these stupid press releases. Wouldn't it be fun if you picked up a paper and it said "All male band — Quicksand" or "All Boy Review"? That would really put us in a musical niche, wouldn't it? She has breasts, I have breasts, we're all going to sound similar. I can see she has breasts, but can you hear it?

Your label is...

Sonic Bubblegum. Mike is our record label. It's had having you're record label in your band, you're like the doctor's kids he's too busy dealing with other kids to notice when you're sick. We're always the last ones to get tour support. Because he's in the band he's like, "Oh, come on, I know you guys have jobs, you can rent the van." It sucks 'cause it is when someone doesn't know we could just say, "Can you rent the van?" We can't 'cause he's our friend. And if we get offers from a different label it better be damn good 'cause you don't want to hurt Mike's feelings.

Suzette was off to see Dick Dale play in a local hippie bar, but not before I made her promise to bring her Tulips to Vancouver next summer. Do yourself a favor and write to them c/o Sonic Bubblegum, P.O. Box 35504, Brighton, MA 02135, U.S.A.



eam are not a rock band. If they were I don't think they would have been so confused by the decor of the Lunatic Fringe, where they were booked to play. Whoever has been booking bands like Seam in this godforsaken hole has to have their head up their proverbial butt, and tonight, rumor had it they were at the Screaming Trees show across town taking care of the big money. So Seam fell between the cracks, left to their own devices. Arriving at the club on time, they were denied a sound check and given the runaround by a string of Lunatic Fringe staff when they attempted to solicit their food money. Finally, a tired, confused and rather perturbed band agreed to let me interview them while they ate dinner.

"I've been telling Chris and Reg how great Vancouver was going to be," confided singer Sooyoung Park. "I think they're feeling let down..."

After a minor trek in search of good, cheap food in the Main/Broadway/Kingsway triangle (Sooyoung wanted to check out a Korean Barbecue down the block, but at \$26 an entree, it was out of the price ballpark) we settled for a cafe on Main that featured a jukebox and a staff who watched graphically violent Chinese martial arts films while we ate.

Discorder: The perception that's been generated in the music press is that Seam was a sort of one-off project that you (Sooyoung) started with Mac from Superchunk. Is that still true?

Sooyoung: Not really. I mean, it started out like that when Mac was in the band. We played a few shows together and recorded our first record, but whenever we'd try to play more shows there was always some sort of conflict just because he's in a full-time band. It's really difficult to do two at once. Right after he left the band and John McIntyre came in I guess we started being more serious...playing more shows and practising regularly.

Was that always your intention, to turn it into another band that you could tour with?

S: Not when it started out. As we kept playing it just seemed that things were going well, and we wanted to keep doing it. There's always a dilemma between what distinguishes a full-time band from just practising for fun and playing shows around town: you do have to sacrifice a lot to play and tour. We have to support ourselves between tours and recording, and sometimes that can get rough. I dunno, and then there's all that shit we have to put up with, like that stuff today [referring to Lunatic Fringe]. Sometimes I think, "I should be doing something 'pure,'" like playing in my basement or recording on my four-track...

What else do you do with yourselves when you're not on tour?

S: We don't know yet!
Reg: Nothing. I was working a crappy job for two years which I quit before I joined Seam.
Chris: I'm a banker. I'm just taking a vacation.

I understand you moved from North Carolina to Chicago, was that because of the band?

S: Not really, that was because of Lexi.
Lexi: I moved to go to school there and Sooyoung just came along.

What happened to Bitch Magnet? Do you think any of the ideas you were trying with that band have carried over to Seam?

S: I guess there were some similarities...I don't really ever think of them being that related. I think the songwriting is pretty different.

Are you doing the songwriting in Seam?

S: Yeah.

Is that the same way it was in Bitch Magnet?

S: Mmm-hmm.

So what makes Seam so different? It is the people you're working with?

S: Yeah, that has a lot to do with it...and the style of songwriting.

Some people have said The Problem With Me (their new record on Touch and Go) sounds more "rock," as opposed to Headspace which was maybe a little more laid back...

S: Not really. If anything the new record is slower and more...complicated.
R: Musically it's a lot more involved than the first record, but that only means something to people who know about writing songs. Most people can't tell the difference between a two-chord song and a song with four different parts.

Does that bug you?

R: Yeah. It always annoyed me with the bands that I was in before, where I wrote songs that I thought were intricately worked out and no-one gave a damn. Yeah.

Besides Sooyoung, what do the rest of you like about being in Seam?

C: Peace of mind. I was a lost soul before I joined Seam.
S: It's a sort of therapy group.
R: Being in a worthwhile band is a very valuable thing to some people. A lot of people I know

who are in bands, it doesn't mean anything to them. But it means something to me to be in a good band.

C: Sure. Me too. I agree!

L: Even if I haven't had anything to do with writing the song, I'm still excited to play.

S: [referring to his plate of pork fried rice]...I think we're going to eat this food and our attitude is going to take a 180.

R: Yeah, and we'll head over to the Screaming Trees. Originally, we were supposed to play with them but they didn't want us on the bill. S: They rejected us.

L: We played with them once before.
S: It doesn't hurt at all. Believe me. I hated playing with them; they're such a fucking second-rate, lousy band. They're such rock stars.
R: Junior Leslie West's at work.

Who?

R: You're too young to remember Mountain and Leslie West...he was this super-fat guitar player. He was really good but his whole stage schtick was that he was really fat.

L: Like Meatloaf?

R: Yeah, that size.

C: He played a mean guitar, though, along the lines of Tad.

R: Anyway, don't the Screaming Trees play here every other day? I mean, they're so nearby, I'd think they'd play here all the time!

There was a point when Tad was playing here almost every other day.

R: The thing that's most annoying about today is that we're really together and everyone else is letting us down. We had to leave last night after the show and drive all the way from Calgary to get here. We arrived on time and everyone else is letting down their end. That is what's annoying. We're the ones

who are ready to do our thing and everyone else has their head up their ass.

But being on tour, isn't it almost like you've been cut adrift in this vast ocean, with all these little points along the way where you come into contact with people?

R: Yeah. The thing is, the people who have come to see us at the shows have been great; that's what makes it worthwhile driving eight hours to a show.

S: You're catching us on a really bad day. Normally, I swear, we're delightful people!

L: Charming!

S: Better smelling...
R: You may have to strike all the comments I've made on this tape, I'm in such a foul mood.

Where are you playing tomorrow?

S: The BBCB in Bellingham.
R: Where is Bellingham, exactly?

It's about an hour south of the border. It's a good town. I once saw a really good Fugazi show there. It was this all-ages thing, and the cops showed up and shut it down, but then Ian MacKaye talked to them and they let the show happen after all. It was heartwarming.

R: I swear, Ian MacKaye is going to have his own Saturday morning cartoon before we all know it.

S: And his own 1-900 number!

R: Oh, my god! Can you imagine? He'd answer their questions on the show...

C: [imitating young kid] "Like, I've been going out with this girl, right, and, like, well, I'm not sure if we should...uh..."

R: And Ian would say, "Don't do it!" And at the end of the show, he'd jump up on stage with a cartoon Fugazi and they'd play a song...

After dinner the band headed back to the club and waited for the show to begin—several hours later they started their set. Initially hampered by the mix of a sound engineer used to glam bands, they transcended the venue's limitations and by the end of the evening had briefly convinced the crass interior of the Lunatic Fringe to permit some warmth and realism to spill over into its otherwise hollow soul. Brittle chords lingered, waves of sound crashed overtop of strained and whispered vocals, and a steady backbeat popped in and out to steer the boat. Afterwards, a small group of new converts gathered around the band, who modestly accepted their praise.

I heard the Screaming Trees played a good show too.



Seam are: Reg: guitar • Sooyoung: vocals, guitar • Lexi: bass • Chris: drums

Facepuller is the exception to the hard working local band. Strangely, without ever having gone past the mythical borders of British Columbia, touring the savage lands beyond has over-sight which shall soon be remedied with the release of their second full-length CD, *Auditory Surgical Techniques*, they've piqued interest beyond this nation's borders and shores with their raw mix of over-the-top screaming vocals and musical barrage of heavier-than-thou hardcore riffing.

FACEPULLER



A bubbling stew of musical mayhem, the trio of Brent Facepuller (bass/voc), Brad Facepuller (drums), and Ian David Lee Facepuller (guitar), Facepuller emphasize the word LOUD in their raging live performance, which has progressively become tighter and more intense over the years. I've heard people in the far off lands of New York and San Francisco rave about Facepuller based on the first CD, *Cranial Expansion Device*, alone; it's not too hard to believe that Facepuller may well be poised on the verge of a greatly increased popularity.

Easily one of the friendlier and more approachable bands around, talking to the various 'Puller members leaves you with nary a whiff of attitude, each of them straight forward, easy going and obviously interested in music for the music's sake. So, with a promise of increased distribution through Bang On Records, and probable large scale tours looming in the near future, Facepuller teeter on the brink of that ridiculous world of overblown egotists, contractual obligations and completely insane riders where the likes of Danzig demand "tittie bars" and Tad demand full course meals every time he pauses to take a break. How do they feel about these sort of things? I can only let them speak for themselves, through the haze of slightly altered states which imbued the practise space where I interviewed them.

On their offer to be on a bigger label:

Brad: We still like to have a hold on things. Being on a bigger label means it [the new release] would have cost a lot in the record stores.

Brent: There were clauses for sub-distribution deals with other BMG labels in which they could use our images, our logos, anything they wanted, without us being able to say anything. They own you.

Brad: I think the clause "we can exploit you any way we see fit" pretty much sums it up.

Brent: They actually used the word exploit. We can do it on our own; we don't need any of these people right now. Maybe later, when our career starts to tumble into the abyss and we're over-the-hill rockers playing country & western tunes on the B-bar circuit.

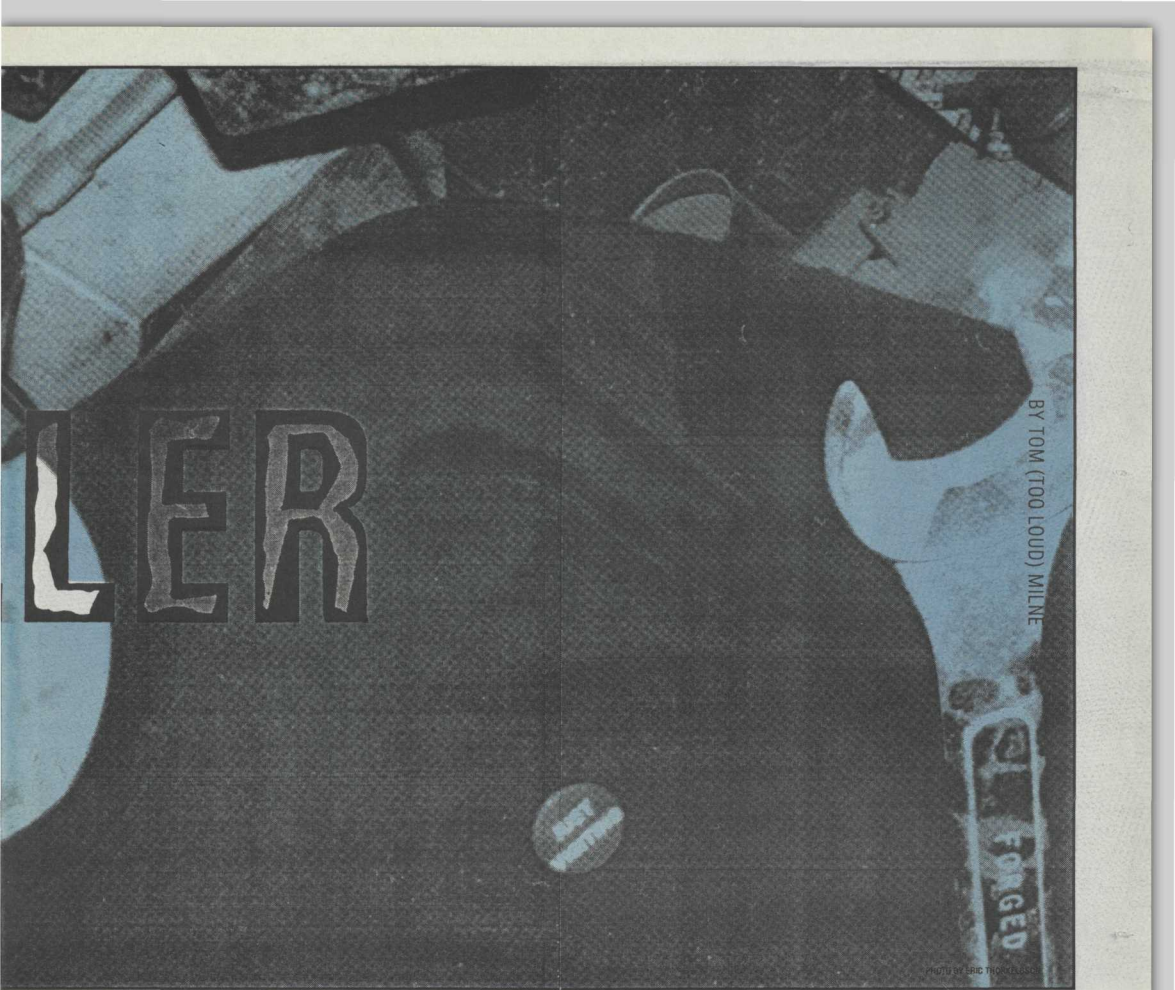
Facepuller's general optimism towards being able to control things is probably buoyed by the recent upswing in the Vancouver scene, somewhat, especially with the increase in all-ages shows. They claim that they haven't had to go out and actively seek a gig for awhile. People just seem to be continuously calling them to set up shows. But, undeniably, the band has had its share of lucky breaks: their first show ever, which fell through, was supposed to be as the opening act for Bad Religion. However, this just happened to be the same night that Facepuller were scheduled to record their first single ("Immoralizer" b/w "Snakes in the Grass" on Temple North Records). Their second show [in theory their first] they wound up opening for Poison Idea and the Melvins. Recently, though, Facepuller played a somewhat lousy show with Victoria bands Goo and Pigment Vehicle in Penticton, where none of the bands were paid what they were promised—an all too common practise. I asked them if there were any hard feelings toward the promoter:

Brent: Ian thinks that, maybe, we should just go up there and beat him up. But, what the hell, you can't squeeze blood from a stone.

Ian: We actually got away all right, we broke even.

Brad: That was nothing, really. We've had experiences with promoters who've grabbed the money and left the show before our set was over.

Brent: We've had shows where the promoter was beaten up by one of the other bands, all of the money



FACEPULLER

BY TOM (TOO LOUD) MILNE

PHOTO BY BRUCE CALVERT

was taken and no one got paid. Then a member from that same band actually had the nerve to ask to borrow some of my equipment awhile back.

Amidst my many digressions and increasing tendency to talk too much as the interview wore on, Brent, the ancient grandfather of the group, was able to reminisce about old Vancouver bands and venues.

Brent: My personal favourite show was the Subhumans at the old Olympia Theatre on Hastings Street. It [the concert] was preceded by the original black and white *Night of the Living Dead*. It's now the Royal Bank, or something, but it use to be this old movie theatre in a sort of Italian part of Hastings.

The image of combining an old horror movie and a punk band certainly gripped my imagination. Just the idea turns the entire concert experience into an entertainment happening, something a little farther removed from the passive receptive experience many live shows tend to be today. In these days of stern maternal and paternal figures frowning on signs of over exuberance, one doesn't get to see much stage diving at shows any more; an act left to memory and fireside storytelling. Apparently, though, Brent has a more than open mind about it...

Brent: If anyone wants to come on up, they're more than welcome to take their chances.

Brad: I remember some guy jumped up on stage at the old Cruel Elephant, grabbed Brent by the sides of the head and started screaming something. Brent just walked him off the stage and the guy backflipped over the stage monitors, luckily, without taking Brent with him.

Brent: I fell through the stage recently — the boards sort of vibrated apart and I fell into the stage while I was playing — I didn't get hurt too bad.

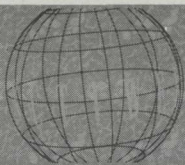
Brent made this last remark in somewhat subdued tones and it didn't occur to me until later (when I was a bit more straight) that falling through the stage isn't something lead vocalists usually do. His sportscaster-style headgear, which I discovered he is quite proud of, couldn't even anchor him to the safe dry-dock of the stage. If anything, it added to the peril of falling victim to the cracks of the stage; allowing Brent the freedom to play his bass and jump around a bit without having to worry about finding a microphone—something which makes pretty good sense when you think about it. I should stress again that when Facepuller play, live or otherwise, they play LOUD. They take an almost perverse pleasure in it. Even when they practise they have to wear earplugs. Thusly, I came unprepared, resigned to stylishly stuffing wads of toilet paper in my ears.

Brent: I feel I'm a bit of a pioneer in this respect. It's a bit of a challenge to juggle two instrument cables from my body but I'm pretty confident with the whole program. I never really step on them or get them tangled up or anything.

So what more is there to be said?

Brent lists an impressive list of old Italian hardcore bands as being among his influences (Indigesti, Raw Power, Negazione). Brad likes jazz drumming and Ian toys with a coffee addiction. If you're any kind of a fan of raging, powerhouse-style hardcore, you can't go wrong with the noisy over-indulgences of *Auditory Surgical Technicians*. There are also hints of a 10" EP in the near future. Facepuller are definitely a band that seems to be getting better with time and, considering they started out on a fairly high note, it'll be interesting to see where they end up.

NETWORK



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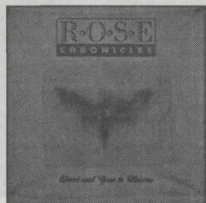
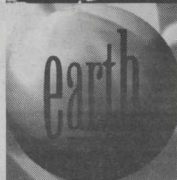
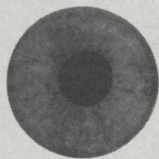
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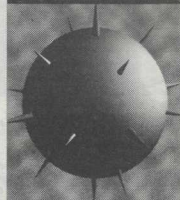
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The Classical Beat

Tired of doing the same things for entertainment over and over? Looking for something to take your date to in an effort to impress them with your suave, cosmopolitan taste? Search no further: Vancouver has an excellent classical music scene, with enough variety to interest even the most jaded listener.

Sure, we've all heard of the VSO, and maybe even the CBC Vancouver Orchestra...but how many of you are familiar with (or have ever been to a performance hosted by) the **Recital Society, Vancouver Early Music, or Friends of Chamber Music**, to name just a few of the organizations just starting their fall seasons? Whether you are familiar with these societies or not, the next eight months or so will feature performances by some of the world's best performers (both soloists and ensembles) along with a few of the most promising newer musicians in the worldwide classical scene.

This diversity of organizations ensures that in any given month you can be sure there are performances ranging from full symphonic works (requiring an entire orchestra, and sometimes a choir as well) through chamber music (written, as the name suggests, for a small group to perform in the "chambers" of some wealthy patron) and on to early Baroque pieces (intended for performance by one or two wandering minstrels hoping to earn their dinner).

While any piece of music sounds the same regardless of how much background the listener knows, much of the charm of classical music comes from an appreciation of the society it was written in and for. Like any art form, music is a reflection of the world that produced it. A performance by a *theorbo* (a string instrument akin to the lute or mandolin) and flutes of a 14th century "crys" (crys) or "tune" suddenly gains new interest if one considers the medieval European backdrop it was originally played in, most likely being the hall of some noble during a feast or festivity. Simply, the mood of the world in the early 1800's is reflected in the extra-

agent symphonic works by the likes of Beethoven and Handel: a world of war and uprisings but also great hope. A piece of classical music is an auditory time capsule to be enjoyed both for its sound and its history.

Of course, you may just want to forget about all of those weighty thoughts and just listen to the music for itself and nothing more. We are constantly bombarded with bits of classical music in everyday life in everything from advertising through movie scores. Almost everyone appreciates it for its lyrical beauty and subtle complexity, even those of you who would claim to have no interest in it at all. (No? Oh, come on, you're reading *Discorder*...presumably out of the night of anyone, right? You can admit that you've hummed the William Tell Overture (theme from the Lone Ranger) or a few bars from the ever-present Four Seasons. I won't use it against you...you have! Ah! Face it, you might really enjoy classical music if you actually went to a concert.)

This last month has seen some performances the highest quality in Vancouver. This season's opening concert for the VSO was held October 1st and featured the renowned cellist Yo-Yo Ma performing works by Elgar and Tchaikovsky (that night, the same fellow who wrote *The Nutcracker Suite*). Unfortunately, like many VSO concerts I failed to sign my life away for tickets several weeks in advance and thus the best I can report is that it was probably a great performance which would have been well worth the price of a VSO ticket. These, incidentally, are fairly reasonable on student rates with single concerts generally costing less than \$30.00 for good seats (orchestra B, on the right side about halfway up are definitely my pick for best value) in the Orpheum.

If you really want to go all out and buy full season tickets prices are considerably better (as low as \$11 per concert). Upcoming performances include works by Berlioz/October 30th, 31st, and November 1st; Paganini and Mendelssohn/October 13th and 15th, and Elgar/October 16th. If you want more information on these try calling the VSO at 876-3434.

Early Music Vancouver will start their season on October 23rd with a performance by **The Consort of Musicks** (I guess the spelling is intended to emphasize the age of the works performed, not the linguistic abilities of their publicist) of Italian and English works from the baroque or early classical era; a total of eight different composers will be included making this a real smorgasbord. In the next few weeks Early Music will host performances by **Andreas Staier** on fortepiano with works by Mozart and Haydn (in both cases, more than one member of the family made his living as a composer so I guess you would have to go to the concert at 8:00 pm November 5th at the UBC Recital Hall to find out which Mozart and Haydn), and by the British choral group **The Sixteen** on November 26th at 8:00 pm, St. Andrew's Wesley Church (Burard and Nelson) of "Music for the Christmas Season." Early Music concerts are smaller, less formal affairs than VSO concerts and are in my opinion much more relaxing to attend...but at a cheap \$15 or \$11 for single student tickets (perhaps this is just my miserly nature coming out). If you are interested in getting in touch with Early Music the phone number is 732-1610.

The Friends of Chamber Music Society (hereafter referred to simply as 'Friends'—hey, you should abbreviate too if you were this slow a typist and had to meet a deadline) season opener was held October 6, and like all of the Friends' performances this was held at 8:00 PM in the Vancouver Playhouse. I was lucky enough to be able to drag myself away from labwork (no easy task as a grad student, in case you all have delusions that grad school consists of sitting in the SUB with a beer contemplating one's navel) and attend. I found this venue almost ideally suited to the small groups (usually from three to eight) which perform the pieces of music making up the chamber music repertoire; the seating arrangement is small and intimate, affording both an excel-

lent view of the performers and good acoustics. The group performing was the **Quartetto Beethoven** of Roma, consisting of two violinists (both previous members of one of the most internationally recognized chamber orchestras, I Musici), a cellist, and a pianist. This group has already done numerous tours through Europe, North America, and the Far East to great critical acclaim. In keeping with these high standards they gave a stunning performance marked by exceptionally tight timing between the members. I should perhaps point out that unlike orchestral works, there is no conductor in chamber music, and while one instrument, generally the lead violin, has the task of setting the tempo and directing the other instruments each of the musicians must listen closely to the others in order to stay precisely together. The Quartetto's playing made this seem almost easy with their relaxed playing style which produced music as if it came from a single instrument.

The program consisted of two works, the Piano Quartet in G minor op. 45 by Faure and the Piano Quartet no. 2 in A Major op. 26 by Brahms. Both pieces served well to showcase the abilities of Quartetto di Roma, being bright and expressive. One of Faure's pupils is in fact quoted as saying of op. 45 that it had "not ready wit." "The viola would have to be invented for it." Similarly it is interesting to note that the piece by Brahms was the one he chose to use in introducing himself into the Vienna musical scene in 1862; given that this was the true center of European musical activity at that time and that acceptance there was critical to anyone's career in music, he must have believed that op. 26 was outstanding. Certainly the lively performances given here would seem to confirm the high regard expressed for both pieces. One minor aggravation was that I was several times distracted from the music by a sharp hissing noise which turned out to be the breathing of the cellist during the more energetic sections, but in all fairness I should note that my companion didn't notice this and it should perhaps be considered a tribute to having excellent seats and acoustics. In conclusion, a great concert and one that would have been a shame to miss. You did? Well, there is still a chance for you; CBC radio recorded the performance for an upcoming broadcast on Arts National. If you really are looking for a good introduction to what chamber music is supposed to be, I would try to hear it.

Having started so well puts a real pressure on the Friends to keep their standards this season, and a perusal of their schedule shows that they will. A total of nine performances follow the Quartetto, including the Guarnieri Quartet (works by Arriga, Bartok, and Ravel on November 9th), the American Chamber Players (works again by Brahms and Faure on November 23rd), the

Borodin Quartet (works by Tchaikovsky, Brahms, and Shostakovich on January 18th), and the **Beaux Arts Trio** (program TBA, March 1st). The Friends offer 50% discounts on any student tickets making these great choices for an evening's entertainment; single concerts thus come to \$12.50, a selection of any five comes to \$50, or a season's pass is available for only \$8 per concert over the remaining nine concerts. Considering that on average each chamber ensemble hosted this year charges \$10 000 in performance fees this is quite a bargain! If this sounds too good to miss, you can contact Friends at 437-5716.

Of course, classical music doesn't just exist at live performances. A vast number of outstanding classical recordings are available both from all-round record stores (A&B Sound, Sam the Record Man, etc.) and from a few specialty stores (notably Silk's on Hastings and The Magic Flute on 4th). However, as any of you who have bought classical CDs will know, good performances in general can be rather costly; it would often seem cheaper to hire your own symphony than to start a reasonable CD collection. You will note my use of "in general" and "in most cases" above; I am happy to report that within the last few weeks I have come across at least one outstanding exception to this rule. The Quintessence series of CD's come in a rather 'superior' looking yellow and red case which lists nothing of interest other than the titles of the pieces, and the fact that the recordings are DDD (digital all stages). No mention of who the performers are, date, or location; but at least \$4.00 I decided that it was worth getting one containing the entire 65 minute performance of Offit's *Carmen* (remember the dance piece "O Fortuna" which was such a big hit from last year? This is the original it was taken from). Upon opening and checking the liner notes I found that the performance was by the Salzburg Mozartium Orchestra, which happens to be a rather well known group; even better, upon listening to the record I can honestly say it is the best of about five different recordings I have heard of this particular piece. While I thus can't specifically vouch for any of the other Quintessence titles, I can say that if the rest are even close to this quality they are an outstanding bargain and a real addition to any classical music library.

Well, it looks like that's about it for this time. I hope this helped to outline the classical music scene in Vancouver for those of you not familiar with it already, and gave a glimpse of the season ahead for those who are. If you liked this feature, let *Discorder* know! If there is enough of a response it might become a regular feature outlining what's current in local Classical music. In the meantime, good listening!



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BY GRANT LAWRENCE

I've often received the complaint that this column tends to repeat itself, reviewing the same bands and/or labels over and over again. Hey, I won't deny it, when one of my favourite bands puts out a record I wanna review it! Also, 90% of the records reviewed here in I have purchased myself. Of course I don't mind doing this because I truly love the format, but then again I don't really have a choice as very few 7"s are actually mailed to me! In the month of September I believe I received three...so grippers, skate, surfer fucking traps. Let's rock to some good time beats!

First, in a band I'm sure I've reviewed at least a half dozen times because, frankly, they're the

best! **The Young Fresh Fellows'** latest 7" offering is a split single with Japan's **Mutant Monster Beach Party** on the Japanese 1+2 Records label. The YFF have presented an insane, hilariously rock 'n' roller that proves these cats are really losing all mainstream ambitions. Please file "Stop Breathing (You're Foggin' Up My Mind)" under "classics." MMBP's "Beautiful Song" is a bit weaker in the punch-up department; it sounds a bit like a Japanese Lady in that late-'60s pop tradition...so grippers, skate, surfer fucking traps. Let's rock to some good time beats!

Also from Japan this month

is **Scratch Record's** latest 7" from **Soap Job Henashl**. Surprisingly, this is a damn rocking slice o' noisy garage rock! The B-side gets a lil' funky, which gets under my skin a bit, but it's worth it for the crunchin' A-side. Oh, yeah, charming girl vocals. (Scratch, 317 A Canbie, Vancouver, BC, V6B 2N4)

Pansy Division are a band who most likely with they too had charming girl vocals. Their new single on Lookout entitled "Touch My Joe Camel" is another hilarious and "aware" step forward for this ultra-proud homosexual band. Whatcha get are three songs of jungle power-pop with in-your-face lyrics set to a very gay, throbbin' beat. Great stuff, and the cover art is priceless.

Also on Lookout and just as punk, **Screaming Weasel** have sung about wanting to be gay ("I Wanna Be a Homosexual") but seem quite locked into the hetero life. Once again, the Weasels have popped out another classic, four-song EP entitled **You Broke My Fucking Heart**. Hey, kids, better than Green Day! (Lookout, P.O. Box 11374, Berkeley, CA, 94701, USA)

Anybody ever heard of **The Shams**? I hadn't until I picked up their new 7" on Matador. Here's the scoop: The Shams are an all woman, three-piece combo from New York (I assume) who play soaring, acoustic, astral pop most easily compared to the Indigo Girls or Bob's Your Uncle, really! Personally, it's a little too slow 'n' slick for the 7" format. What do you think? (Matador, 676 Broadway, NY, NY, 10012, USA)

And now is a few from Portland's most prolific label, the ego-ecstatic Tim Kerr Records. **Everclear**, who seem to be the new darlings of the Portland press. These guys play thrashy, grungy punk with strong, coarse vocals. Yes, a lot like Nirvana. A journalistic coup? Screw you.

And then there's **Snow Bud and the Flower People**, another Portland combo, whose "Bong Hit" is a terrible Soundgarden-esque dirge of the unlistenable quality. It seems like the name, song titles and band themes are supposed to be humorous but... The B-side switches gears completely into a James Brown-type soulfunk number that starts to get things shakin', but it's unfortunately a little too late for saving this one. (TKR, P.O. Box 42423, Portland, OR, 97242, USA)

Also from PDX, the breeding ground of such legendary acts as The Wipers, the X Ray Cafe, and Roger Nutsie, is **The New Bad Things**, a tres cool folk/punk combo of the impulsive American misfit variety. Very Jonathan Richman and Camper Van Beethoven influenced and, therefore, a huge hit with myself. On the B-side's "I Fuck," they call Elvis a "clown Nazi" and a "straight-out fascist, just like John Wayne!!!" You gotta write 'em but there was no address! Oh, well, beautiful hand silk-screened cover to boot. (Rainforest Records)

Zenigova are the latest "thing" out of Alternative Tentacles' stable this month. From apart, Zenigova produce a slow-grind noise-core with deep, indecipherable vocals. And you all know that I just love that. Futuristic Samurai rock that stinks. Hey, Jello! Gimme some more Evan Johns! (Alternative

Tentacles, P.O. Box 410992, San Francisco, CA, 94141, USA)

And, of course, no 7" column would be complete without at least one review of a Sympathy For The Record Industry single. In my lavish opinion, Sympathy is probably the best label for airing the best of punk, rock 'n' roll, garage and pop anywhere. This time, on Sympathy's 244th release (111), we are foretold England's **The Myriad**, who blast forth with four heavy garage tunes of ear shattering proportions. Most impressive here is the raw, unbridled production, tweaked by none other than Britain's Godfather of punk, Sir Billy Childish. Another fab notch for Sympathy.

Equally as suave and powerful is the harmonica wailer, blues-stompin', shit kickin' slab from Jack O' Fire. The single is dedicated to two "fornished and shamed" blues greats: Little Walter and Howlin' Wolf. Fans will not be disappointed, for this is truly screwed up soul music! This is the kinda meat I've been looking for, tainted as it may be. And they're right, clothes do make the man. (Gimmie, P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham, WA, 98227-2125, USA)

Now you will not believe this: Rock Star extraordinaire **Joan Jett** produced, played and sang on the new **Bikini Kill** single!! Who says there can't be rock older-womany? The three songs are hi-fi blasts of energy and rock 'n' roll, all with shrieking "Red Girl" vocals. Bikini Kill are finally worth the hype, this sounds great.

Like minded riot girls, labelmates and the "British Bikini Kill," **Huggy Bear** are charging forward (albeit, not with the help of Joan Jett) in the form of a new 10" LP. Again, the songs are powerful assaults of punk rock, with song subjects rooted in the girl revolution moulding: "Shaved Pussy Poetry," "Disastrous Penetration" and "Pansy Twist" are all sweet examples. Slightly more abstract and off beat than their sisters Bikini Kill, but still extremely crunchy. Includes their hit single "Her Jazz" as well. Boys, we better watch out! (Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State St., #418, Olympia WA, 98501, USA)

Also on 10" vinyl this month is **Ridd Kross's** new six-song EP, 2,500 **Ridd Kross Fans Can't Be Wrong**. And, hey, it's humour like this that keeps most bands afloat and sane in this cruel indie pop world. Of course, a few good songs help and Ridd Kross is in no short supply of 'em. It must be said, and it must be said now, that Ridd Kross write pop anthems. Here on 2,500 **Fans**... there are six examples of said thundercrunch anthems from this ridiculously brilliant band. "Switchblade Sister" could be the biggest hit since the theme to **The Greatest American Hero**. (Sympathy.)

Finally, the last seven inches of the month: **The Archers Of Loaf's** new one on **Atlas**. It's three songs of jump-pop grass from these up-and-coming giants, and they are catchy, clever and fun. To be honest, it's a tad hard to describe these here Loaf tunes simply because they're quite original... and, it's just that that's a good thing, right? Need any further endorsements? A rumoured fact: The Archers Of Loaf are one of my editor's fave new bands!

Catch ye on the slap-back!

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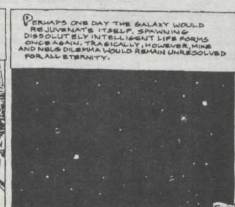
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REAL LIVE ACTION

Vai
Commodore Ballroom
Wednesday, September
29

It was exactly how you'd picture it. There was Steve Nordin ailing away, with the technical precision that has made him famous, to a sold-out venue of enthusiastic fans. His sweaty hair stuck to his face as he played that continuous solo, there in the spotlight, transforming the atmosphere on the dance floor into that of a sports arena. The lights swept back and forth across the stage and long-haired girls swayed along the crowd on their boyfriend's shoulders. This was a spectacle of professional rock showmanship: band-delivered and genuinely well-played. But it had no soul, they were just up there posing for us. Oh, sure, the guy's a wizard, and he's arguably hired the best in the business to back him up, but that's just the problem—they parade it out.

It's hard to tell, since both Vai and his bassist, T.M. Stevens, played for Frank Zappa, if it's Vai's sense of humour, cynicism, or merely tasteless judgement behind their stage show. Who are these other guys flung onstage to lend spurious fashion to Vai's decades-old style of stadium-sized wanking? They've sure heard a few Black Flag records, anyway. Devin Townsend turned in a fine performance as the angst-filled, shirless, bald, tattooed frontman that we're used to seeing so much of since the Chili Peppers made it big—too bad he seemed to still be getting over his own amazement at landing the role. Sometimes he'd slip into a sort of Freddie Mercury thing, and he too played to a mean guitar, but the obligatory "hardcore" parts were awkwardly and pointlessly pasted into the act. I guess Steve's nipple pierces weren't quite enough to update him for the post-eighties market.

The drummer was easily the most musically and visually refreshing part of the show. A large, weighty man with a block of bright yellow hair atop his shaved head, Albe Laboriel Jr. played a remarkably skilled set and solo. (Does anyone remember John

Candy as the punk rock drummer for The Queen Haters on SCTV?) Sadly, though, like the rest of the band, he still reeked of merely being the cosmetically correct one to show up for the audience.

The guys busking in front of the club before the gig, Jonathan and Daryl, had more sincerity and soul than any of Vai's employees. Except for the drummer, maybe.

Wayne Sutherland

Sparkmarker
Bum
10 Days Late
Hastings
Community
Centre
Saturday,
October 9

The Hastings Community Centre is turning into an extremely promising all-ages venue. I was impressed with the fairly decent sound and intimate atmosphere on previous occasions, however, this night started uncertainly when I found out the sound system was experiencing problems. But even this didn't put a damper on the evening.

Pluto started the show with their pure, ear-pleasing, raw pop. It was a great set (enhanced by their bassist). I heard them compared to Dinosaur Jr., Green Day and Stand GT. Listen for them in the future. Next up were 10 Days Late. Their loud, fast and heavy music was a little too much on the metal side of punk for my taste but it was nice to see some women take the stage. I do have to wonder, though, about any band that finds it necessary

to play their instruments in the audience.

Bum was next. What can I say that hasn't already been said about this amazing band from Victoria? I love them, they're terrific and check them out if you haven't already had the pleasure. Sparkmarker played last and the crowd was fully into them. These guys sure are something to watch. A friend of mine (who also happens to be their #1 fan) accurately describes them as violence without pain. It was really cool to be at a gig where not everyone was preoccupied with getting drunk and was evidently there to enjoy the music.

Megan

Smashing Pumpkins
Shudder To Think
The Frogs
86th Street Music Hall
Thursday, October 14

Tickets were 26 clams. T-shirts were 25 clams. Too expensive? Too expensive, especially for an all-ages show. Despite this, 86th Street was packed to the gills with many sullen youngsters quickly tying their plaid/striped shirts 'round their waists to their new, cooler SP tee. Why do some bands make and charge \$10-12 for t-shirts and others charge \$25? To the Smashing Pumpkins really want their shirts worn only by those who have more money than most? But, more about this later...

The Frogs walked on stage without much fanfare—every-

thing was Tankhog-Hamm dead ringer wearing silver angel wings, and a gold-lamé clad glam rocker, both playing guitar. Their set opener, a scathing parody of a Smashing Pumpkins song, seemed promising. The audience twittered nervously. Members of the Frogs were spotted in the crowd, staring intently at the band, smiling.

The Frogs' set quickly degenerated into a stream of offensive, stupid songs, performed as badly as possible: the drummer yelling about bumfucks, KY jelly and "stupid bitches." Between songs the clown took time to obnoxiously criticize selective audience members, complain about having driven a thousand miles to get paid a hundred bucks and to remind us all, if we couldn't guess, that they were not the Smashing Pumpkins. I got the feeling this stupid band was meant to embody the SP's reluctance to consider themselves the "next big thing"; while the SP's new album is number one on practically every college chart in North America, the Frogs can't find anyone to produce their album. I was also under the (paranoid?) impression that the Frogs were unleashed on the unsuspecting crowd to teach a lesson to scenesters, or those in attendance who were only there to keep up with trends rather than any genuine love of the music. It was a way of saying "Fuck you, if you are not aware of who you are paying a lot of money to see then we are going to subject you to a half-hour of insulting music." Was

it a big joke shared by the SPs and the Frogs? Who knows. All I know is that I felt relieved when they finally left stage. I disliked the humour but wanted to laugh at the spectacle.

Shudder To Think were a big yawn. My head didn't bob. My tee didn't tap. I was intensely bored until...

The Smashing Pumpkins took the stage. Bad-ass, slouchy Billy Corgan, garbed in a Ghostbusters sweatshirt, stomped nonchalantly on unflappable punkin. Some jokester threw on stage and when goaded to sing during a break sneered "Maybe I'll sing some Bryan Adams. A great Canadian export!" Cuchi! Bassist

D'Arcy's Princess Leah pig-tailed me with a scalp hurt. Guitarist James Ila intoned some Bonnie Tyler/rycricer to mood: "Use to be in love/Now I'm all apart/Nothing I can do/Ata total eclipse of the heart." Meanwhile, Billy threw a candy-filled paper-mache clown to the audience, saying it represented the show—just one big emotional puke. Roundly and subsequently ripped to shreds by

heartless mothers. And the drummer, he was content with his background stature. Skeptics thought the SPs wouldn't be able to reproduce the sound on their new (overproduced?) album. Amazingly, they did so with ease. Not quite as ambient as the album, but pretty damn close. Corgan's vocals were consistently strong and revealing. It was difficult to not focus on him. He was an open wound up there, exposed and belching for adoration. At one point the music stopped for a few minutes while the band jabbered on stage amongst themselves, looking and waiting for the audience to become sufficiently rankled before they launched into another track from *Siamese Dream* (the band chose not to play much from their previous release, *Gish*). The silence was meant to educate the audience about itself. We were meant to ponder where we were, why and what our expectations of musicians are. This works in cinema. This works in literature. But at a gig costing 27 clams, including 7 for parking, I don't already know by a lesson I already know by some jaded band cashing in at my expense.

I thought the show was musically amazing. If the band is pissed off at being dubbed the "next big thing," I'm puzzled as to why they seem to be complaining up to it? Why are they playing impersonal shows on an enormous stage full of overblown equipment? Why are they charging so much for admission and t-shirts? Why are they debasing every music magazine in current months? Why did they sign with a major label? When bands sign with a major label the hype machine kicks in, bands are promoted to death, and a larger fanbase results. The Smashing Pumpkins seem discontent with a large portion of their new fans, those who are interested in the band because of their new "next big thing" status. But in trying to alienate these "undesirable" fans they're also alienating older, "legitimate" fans who resent paying big bucks to see a band full of self-pity and attitude. And what the hell is an undesirable fan anyway? People should be given more credit. People learn about and appreciate music in different ways. If Billy Corgan, instead of being surly or self-piteously whiny, had said something educational or enlightening, he might have given some credibility to his opinions about the music business.

But before we slam the SPs for being despicable money-grubbers it's important to look at the other side of the argument. The band signed with Virgin to get enough money to go into the studio and make an album they would be happy with. (Actually, the band was signed to Virgin years ago. *Gish* and *Siamese Dream* were released on the "indie" label Caroline, which is owned by Virgin, to build the band's credibility with the tough and fickle alternative crowd...or something like that. Ed.) \$250,000 dollars and five months time went into

the making of *Siamese Dream*. Some will argue that this amount of time and money is unnecessary and excessive, but if the band felt it was what was needed, and they didn't want to compromise their music or themselves, then that's their prerogative. So the album gets made and the SPs have to somehow pay back their financiers. I would assume that record sales would cover the loan but maybe not. Maybe they have to change more for a while, sue for admission. In trying to recreate the sound of their studio album for their live show they have to use a bombastic amount of equipment. Add the expense of a dazzling light show and the swank tour bus parked outside and you start to get the impression that the SPs are far removed from self-righteous, more-indie-than-thou bands. They've created a big rock spectacle, complete with all the trimmings, and now they're upset about what normally goes along with the spectacle, namely, a loss of intimacy and any real connection with the audience.

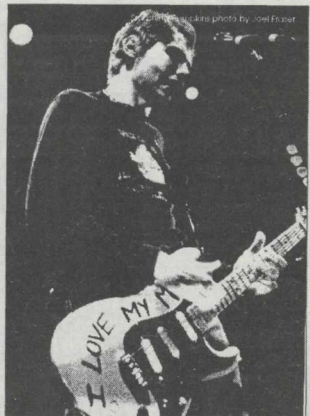
It's all too confusing. It's too easy to say they're a sell out. Either you respect Billy Corgan for not submitting to the pressure of his indie peers who would rather be more humble or you hate him because you think he's arrogant, demanding, egotistical, ungrateful and his band is overrated. Still, I understand the opinion of those who think that the SP's music is good enough to justify all the spending and that it is the only thing debasing in a guilty pleasure. When you're tired of getting drunk on cooking wine just because it's cheap you go buy a more expensive bottle for a change and savour the taste while you mourn the loss of your money.

Kiraly Smith

Reverend Horton Heat
Psyclone Rangers
Town Pump
Thursday, October 14

The good Reverend was not with us. Physically there was a body on the stage that looked like the man who bills himself as Reverend Horton Heat. Sonically there reverberated through the Town Pump the music known as rockabilly. But the raw-energy post-funk that raises the Reverend Horton Heat above his compatriots and competitors was not there. Without the ranting, raving, and writhing, Horton Heat is just another accomplished and tight ensemble in a genre that has a tendency towards repetition.

On following the Psyclone Rangers, a Texas bar band that was just fine, and unintentionally very distinct between band music, the trio that is the Reverend Horton Heat ensemble seemed slow to warm up. Horton himself barely spoke. For anyone, like myself, who had caught him as the opening act for the Frank Black tour this reluctance to preach was a shocking and disappointing surprise. The music was swell, but you need 3" muton chock, a bowling shirt with "Clem" embroi-



dered on it, and a keg of brew to really get into rockabilly. And I had just shaved mine off that day.

Perhaps the rigours of incessant touring have taken their toll on Horton. If it's time for him to mosey on back to Texas and recoup. He can kick up his boots, shoot a few possum, think about God, and do a little fornicating if he so desires. Then, when he's all rested up, his barnstorming rock 'n' roll church can get rolling again. Hallelujah.

Tania Alekson

Buffalo Tom
Bettie Serveert
Town Pump

Wednesday, October 20
Woulda had photos for ya but, somehow, the photographer wasn't allowed in. Go figure. [So, instead, we got some *Bad Religion* photos for you sans review. Ed.] So, anyway, I arrived to find out that the Verlaines would not be there that night. That would have been a tip-off if the tix weren't so reasonable (\$12.50 advance is not bad for two recording acts, great for three). Another good thing was that the promoter bypassed those Ticketmaster slysters, saving us slackers some clams. However, it was at the Pump, one of the shittiest venues in town, which kinda put a damper on things.

Bettie Serveert came on

on the strength of the songwriting over stage presence. The guitarists from both of these bands definitely share a big Neil Young influence, the difference being that while Buffalo Tom wear it on their sleeve, Bettie Serveert rub it in your face, overwhelming the songs. They will hopefully learn a few things from Buffalo Tom on this tour to fix that.

Mofa

Unrest
Stereolab
Town Pump
Saturday, October 23

Stereolab are cool. Three guys and three girls. Bass, drums, guitars and two old-fashioned analog keyboards (real live organ swells and drones, the like of which haven't successfully graced popular music since early B-52s). Live and recorded there's a sharp, no bullshit quality to everything they do. The grooves are all infectious and up front where they belong. The melodies, like the vocals, are understated but clear and true. No gimmicks, no tricks, but Stereolab are magical and powerful all the same.

Live at the Town Pump, however, I'd have to say I was disappointed. Early starting times (8:30 p.m.) suck, ample

Bad Religion by Eric Thorkelson



pretty early, with a long, darn good pile o' tunes. I'd never heard this Dutch group before and was surprised at how many songs I stuck in my feeble mind. They play a folky-pop kinda like the Juliana Hatfield Three but not as annoying. The singer has a wonderful voice but the lack of backing vocals stuck out. We got over an hour's worth of stuff from them, filling the space the Verlaines left.

Buffalo Tom came on relatively quickly, possibly due to the massive stage crew they had during the change. They ran through their set in pretty much the same way they always do, pumping the new songs and familiar favourites. It's always fun to watch guitarist/singer Bill Janovitz careening around like he's punch-drunk, yet always finding the mike just in time for the lines. Buffalo Tom do what they do really well, yet they rely

crowds are just dead weight and incapable of getting excited about anything, and the set is too short—less than an hour. Songs that drone on for six or seven minutes on record get chopped short live to make room for more. Real energy only started to crank for the last song, "Golden Ball" from the new album, but even that was cut short. There was no encore.

Unrest, part two of this double-bill, were nothing special. The crowd seemed to like them but I was mostly bored. I left the Pump less than twenty minutes into their set quoting a paraphrased line from that Cracker tune to anyone who would listen: "What the world needs now is another campus radio-friendly, punky, power-pop band like I need a hole in my head", particularly if it means cutting Stereolab's set short.

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CHAR-TS

NOVEMBER 93 LONG VINYL 50

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 CYPRESS HILL | BLACK SUNDAY | RUFFHOUSE |
| 2 SUPERCONDUCTOR | HIT SONGS FOR GIRLS | BOYER |
| 3 THE BREEDERS | LAST SPLASH | 4AD |
| 4 PENNYWISE | UNKNOWN ROAD | EPITAPH |
| 5 DEAD CAN DANCE | INTO THE LABYRINTH | 4AD |
| 6 MIRVANA | IN UTERO | GEFFEN |
| 7 THE MELVINS | HOOBIE | ATLANTIC |
| 8 ST JOHNNY | HIGH AS A KITE | CAROLINE |
| 9 RIFFRAFF TREE | REMOTE EP | ZULU |
| 10 REVOLTING COCKS | LINGER RICKEN GOOD... | SIRE |
| 11 STEREO LAB | TRANSIENT RANDOM NOISE... | ELEKTRA |
| 12 SWEETDRIVER | MEDICAL HEAD | AA/M/CREATION |
| 13 ROSE CHRONICLES | DEAD AND COME TO HEAVEN | NETHERN |
| 14 HUM | WANNABE SMASH SENSATION | POP/LAMA |
| 15 BRATIMBLE | POTTYMOUTH | KILL ROCK STARS |
| 16 YO LA TENGO | PAINFUL | MATADOR |
| 17 SEAWEED | TBA | SUB POP |
| 18 BIG STAR | COLUMBIA - LIVE AT COLUMBIA | BMG |
| 19 SLAPBOTH | BLAST FURNACE | WE BITE |
| 20 UNREST | PERFECT TEETH | 4AD |
| 21 THE BOO RAYLEYS | GIANT STEPS | COLUMBIA |
| 22 BIG CHEF | MACK AVE'S SKULLGAME | SUB POP |
| 23 THE NIGHTBOOMS | 24 DAYS AT CATASTROPHE CAFE | SEED |
| 24 UNWOUND | FAKE TRAIN | KILL ROCK STARS |
| 25 REDD KROSS | PHASESHIFTER | MERCURY |
| 26 MO'BY | MOVE EP | ELEKTRA |
| 27 ACID TEST | DROP | SIRE |
| 28 EXCESSIVE FORCE | GENTLE DEATH | TVT |
| 29 CLOCKDVA | SKIN | CONTEMPO |
| 30 WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS | SNEAKS ANNE AND OTHER TALES | BLAND |
| 31 EVERCLEAR | NEARLY WEIRD | TIM KERR |

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| 32 VARIOUS ARTISTS | MUSIC FOR THE PROLETARIAT | ALLIED |
| 33 CURVE | CUCKOO | ANXIOUS |
| 34 THE HAULER TRO | ALL THAT REES MUST CONVERGE | GREY |
| 35 HOLY ROLLERS | HOLY ROLLERS | DISCHORD |
| 36 BUFFALO TOM | RED LETTER DAY | BOGGANS BANQUET |
| 37 JAMIROQUAI | EMERGENCY ON PLANET EARTH | SONY |
| 38 DIXITS | QUE SIRHAN SIRHAN | TOUCH AND GO |
| 39 ALL | BREAKING THINGS | CRUZ |
| 40 THE JESUS LEARD | LASH | TOUCH AND GO |
| 41 VARIOUS ARTISTS | JULEP | YOYO |
| 42 STEEL WOOL | SIMPLE MEN WHO... | EMPTY |
| 43 BAD BRAINS | RISE | EPIC |
| 44 EVES PLUM | ENVY | SONY |
| 45 VARIOUS ARTISTS | THE BIRTH OF COOL | 4TH & B'WAY |
| 46 HAZEL | TORADOR OF LOVE | SUB POP |
| 47 PISTACE | TRUTH WILL OUT | INVISIBLE |
| 48 MASTER | COLLECTION OF SOULS | NUCLEAR BLAST |
| 49 LIGHTS IN A FAT CITY | SOUND COLUMN | EXTREME |
| 50 X - 103 | ATLANTS | POW WOW |

NOVEMBER 93 SHORT VINYL 35

- | | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|------------------|
| 1 BETTIE SERVEIT | KID'S ALLRIGHT EP | TRACSHUN |
| 2 HORSEY | GO LIGHT 7" | MAAGHWEEL |
| 3 WASHCUP POST | SUGARCANE 7" | MATADOR |
| 4 THE SHAME | SEDSUP EP | ALTERNATIVE TENT |
| 5 D.O.A. | THE ONLY THING GREEN 7" | SEED |
| 6 MADDER ROSE | SWIM EP | MINI |
| 7 CUB | HOT DOG DAY 7" | SMIT |
| 8 CUPID CAR CLUB | FOUR SONG 7" | KILL ROCK STARS |
| 9 SWEETDRIVER | DUEL EP | CREATION |
| 10 MATHEW SWEET | TIME CAPSULE EP | ZOO |
| 11 SHADOWY MEN... | THE JERSEY 7" | DERIVATIVE |
| 12 THROSH HERMIT | AMMO 7" | CINNAMON TOAST |
| 13 NEUTRAL MEX HOTEL | EVERYTHING IS 7" | CHER |
| 14 THE FRUSTRATES | BALES AND BUNNIES 7" | KILL ROCK STARS |
| 15 DJ LEBOWITZ | SMOKE SUFFER AND DIE 7" | POW |
| 16 YO LA TENGO | SHAKER EP | MATADOR |
| 17 HORACE PINKER | KINES, GUNS 7" | RHETORIC |
| 18 THE STATICS | HEY HEY 7" | SUPER-ELECTRO |
| 19 THE MEANIES | THE RHYMING LOGIC 7" | MERGE |
| 20 SENSER | KEYING | ULTIMATE |
| 21 CHICKEN MILK | YOU GET NOTHING 7" | WHISKY SOUR |
| 22 THE LEATHER UPPERS | FOUR SONG 7" | FAMOUS |
| 23 GRAYON | THE SNAP-TIGHT WARS 7" | HARRET |
| 24 SINE | JARDEAU 7" | ADA |
| 25 FAITH & DISEASE | THE PIG WAS COOK 7" | HOUSE |
| 26 KILLDOZER | BRAD 7" | WRONG |
| 27 THE HANSON BROTHERS | SUPERSOONIC TOOTHBRUSH HELMET | LANCER ROCK |
| 28 MAN OR ASTROMONY? | SCOPY 7" | RISE |
| 29 THE MELVINS | MOOCH 7" | ULTIMATE |
| 30 SUBMARINE | JODIE FOSTER 7" | BIG DOG |
| 31 THE SUPERCOOLS | FOUR SONG 7" | SNEEZEGUARD |
| 32 RUBBER SOLE | WORKING CLASS JOHN 7" | SINGLES |
| 33 LORETTA VELVETTE | EAGER BOY 7" | MERGE |
| 34 JODS | BEAUTIFUL THINGS | HARRET |
| 35 TWIG | FALL OF LOVE 7" | |

NOVEMBER 93 INDIE HOME JOBS

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 KID CHAMPION | SEVEN FORTY SEVEN |
| 2 MEET DARY | GO GO ROUND |
| 3 BEAL MACKENZIES | I AM A SCOT |
| 4 TICKLE TRUNK | REVOLUTION |
| 5 LEATHER UPPERS | I DON'T LIKE YOU VERY MUCH |
| 6 WINDOWALKER | KNIGHT MOVES |
| 7 MOVIELAND | (A SORT OF) ICARUS |
| 8 BLAKE PASCAL | CATASTRA |
| 9 DRAIN | ONE DOZEN HAPPY DAYS |
| 10 TIGER BEAT | THESE HAVE GAUGE |
| 11 NUGO | DREAMING |
| 12 BITTER LOVERS | OH FAVOURITE SKY |
| 13 TERROR OF TRY TOWN | SWEETIE |
| 14 GOOD COOKIES | SCREW YOURSELF DOWN |
| 15 BIT TUBE SYRUP | ACE OF SPADES |
| 16 COAL | WINNEBAGO WARRIOR |
| 17 THE FORTURES | NOTHING YOU EVER HEARD BEFORE |
| 18 CHILDREN OF ATOM | NO EXCUSES |
| 19 SMART ALICE | BEI MIR BIT DU SHOEN |
| 20 THE GYPPY JIVE BAND | |

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

- | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 MOBY | FEEL IT (REMIXES) | INSTINCT/USA |
| 2 NU TRO TRO | BATTLE OF THE NEURONS | THUNDERPUSSY/NTHDS |
| 3 LEE GOLD | UPPOSITE EP | TENSION/USA |
| 4 TWIN BASS | ATMOSPHERE EP | KICKIN' JUK |
| 5 THE PRODIGY | ONE LOVE EP | XL/JUK |
| 6 SCIENTIST | NEW STYLE | KICKIN' JUK |
| 7 ALTERN 8 | DOMIN DEDICATED MDO | NETWORK/JUK |
| 8 TECHNEHEAD | PASSION EP | REACT/JUK |
| 9 WESTBAM | THE MAYDAY ANTHEM (VS REMIXES) | RADIAL/USA |
| 10 FORCE MASS MOTION | SONIK SOURCE EP | RABBIT CITY GERMANY |

GREYHAIRS REMEMBER DISORDER CHARTS 10 YEARS AGO

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 ADRIAN BELEW | TWANG BAR KING |
| 2 HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS | THE FREMANS CURSE |
| 3 XTC | MOUWER |
| 4 THE MEXCONS | THE ENGLISH DANCING MASTER |
| 5 ENIGMAS | ENIGMAS EP |
| 6 THE BONGOS | NUMBERS WITH WINGS |
| 7 3 TEENS KILL 4 | NO MOTIVE |
| 8 UB40 | LABOUR OF LOVE |
| 9 ANNE CLARK | CHANGING PLACES |
| 10 THE ALARM | THE ALARM |

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UNDER REVIEW



SWERVEDRIVER Mezcal Head (A & M/Creation)

Over a year ago, when Bassist Adi Vynes packed his bags in, it seemed Swervedriver had died. You see, it's very clear, Swervedriver are rock gods. And anyone knows that the higher powers of the universe can't be killed by petty human hands.

Swervedriver travelled to the top of the proverbial Mt. Olympus that is the music industry and soon after sufficed themselves with a new bassist, and a new, more intense lust for the finer things that life has to offer.

It is easy to see by a quick visual inspection that Swervedriver are champions. Sure, they may not be the most attractive of individuals; but god gave them hands with the velvet touch and voices of a thousand angels. Swervedriver realizes there are many evils we as people have to face; their mission is to make those evils just a little bit easier to contend with.

Their latest offering, *Mezcal Head*, is a musical dish that should only be served up for the most deserving of fans. Make no mistake... it is a sonic masterpiece. Swervedriver have matured musically, in the fact that they have learned to sing and can now play their guitars with feeling and soul. Not that their last release, *Rainier*, lacked either of these, but they had a tendency to overindulge in the areas of out-of-time guitars and testosterone-laced grooves. Sure, I may be overenthusiastic, and to some I understand that Swervedriver may not be as important as Johnny Mathis, but this album makes me hot!

With timeless gems like "Blowin' Cool," "Last Train to Satansville," and the epic "Druess," it is clear to see that suicide is not the chik.

Tim Hecker

NIRVANA In Utero (Geffen)

When I was a good kid, my mom would take me to Big Scoop for an ice cream after my soccer games. I always had a single scoop of either bubblegum or rum'n'raisin. While I waited for the girl to dish out those cones, I stared at the picture they had on the wall of this huge ice cream desert. Under the picture was the price with the words "Big enough for eight men, or five pigs!" I always wanted to get some friends together to see if we could finish this monster desert. One day when I was really good my mom took me and some friends to Big Scoop for a surprise. She bought us the monster. We bought it, finished it, but it was as good or better than I had hoped.

If Nirvana's new album *In Utero* was made of ice cream, it would be that monster desert that my mom bought us that day.

Justin Love

MAN OR ASTRO-MAN? Le It... (Estrus)

Are you ready, eager young space cadets? Your destination: Auburn, Alabama. Your mission: to seek out and capture four elusive beings known only to this world as Birdstruff, Star Crunch, Dr. Deleto and Coco, the Electronic Monkey Wizard. But be careful — their instrumental astro-mayhem has made space dust of those who have tried in the past; their vaportone, reverb raygun and hi-hat all possess a deadly threat to those who are unfamiliar in their world of pinball, out-of-work porno actors and surfing taxidermists. If

you find yourself in danger of attack of these creatures, remember your extra packs of Theremin and Ventures albums — offer them as a sign of peace and they mean them no harm. Now, go! The fate of the world is in your hands!

Bryce Dunn

SLOWDIVE Souvlaki (Creation Records)

Don't always equate "shoe gazers" with "chill!" Just because the *NME* told you that bands like Chapterhouse and Ride were crap doesn't mean you have to condemn every band that even glances at their DMs.

Slowdive is "punk rock at one tenth the speed," plus a flanger (or four) and some eerie, weird sounds thrown in for good measure. Their latest release, *Souvlaki*, is a definite progression from 1991's *Just for a Day*, where Slowdive set themselves apart by creating a unique blend of ambient pop set against a wave of grandiose guitars. This time around Slowdive go even further by exploring new textures in sound in songs like "Souvlaki Space Station," "Melon Yellow," as well as the Brian Eno assisted "Sing" and "Here She Comes." The vocals, as well, are smooth and harmonious and the lyrics drift in and out of comprehension. 'Tis pure surreal bliss.

The limited edition version of *Souvlaki* comes with the *Blue Day* EP, which is a compilation of their previous singles. Slowdive just isn't for everyone, so you may not like it, but I still peer

at my peds now and then, so there!

Paul Lump

PET SHOP BOYS Very (Sony)

If I told you that the Pet Shop Boys have actually produced a truly great album, you, being the true-blue indie kid that you are, would probably laugh in my face, right? You'd accuse me of being an indie traitor and spit in my face. Well, the Pet Shop Boys have made a great album. Therefore, I've said it. Call me an idiot if you like. I won't be listening.

The Pet Shop Boys, of all people, appear to have thrown away their Judy Garland record collection and began to listen to some seriously good music. The result is an album that combines their own pop sens with Orbi-tone atmospheres, and a sense of the dramatic stolen from the Kitchens of Distinction. So we get an album of twelve songs, nine of which have that same orchestrated undercurrent that gave Massive Attack's *Unfinished Symphony* its dream-like quality (a very good thing), two great pop singles (also a good thing) and one piece of utter, light pop shit called "One + One Make Five" (oh well).

But, light pop shit aside, no one could deny that *Very* is a good call. Lyrics, of course, would argue that the Pet Shop Boys aren't capable of making a record that will truly move you. This would be fair to an extent; you sometimes wish that, just for once, Neil Tennant would drop that English laid back drawl and put some genuine passion into his delivery. But once could also argue that this record is quite theatrical enough already.

Very, quite simply, sees the Pet Shop Boys finally deliver all that they promised with "West End Girls." About time... bloody work-shy fops.

Simon Hembry



BUFFALO TOM Big Red Letter Day (Beggars Banquet)

Big Red Letter Day is a masterpiece of modern rock! I don't think that Buffalo Tom have broken any new musical ground, nor do they have any novel ideating to sing about. What makes this album great is that it contains eleven very well crafted songs with a soundtrack-to-life kind of quality. Moreover, they include all the ingredients of great pop tunes: melodies, hooks, and most important of all, they deal with things that people can relate to, things that cover the whole spectrum of human emotions, not just ally love songs.

Despite all of these, I doubt that this will outsell any of Nirvana's albums, because in the world of rock, bands that have true talents but lack shocking images or media hype tend to get ignored by the masses. However, for those more sophisticated listeners who appreciate the music alone will find themselves loving this album as much as I do.

Vince Yeh

EVE'S PLUM Envy (EMI)

Rather than wasting your time by talking about the relation of the bands name to a main character of the Brady Bunch, or how this music reminds me of Nirvana in a poppy-grunge-Curve-ish-Deborah Harry type of way, or how Collen Fitzpatrick has as much anger as a riot girl, yet releases it in a way, through her grinding, melodic-schreierly lyrics, that it is both groovable and relateable. I'll merely say INHALE THIS ALBUM, sit facing your speakers, smoke in one hand and a rye and

coke in the other and bitch to no one at all about failed relationships and how everyone is slime and the fact that "you will overcome." I hate the term "The next big thing," but *Envy* is not only catchy ("previous track" button on my CD player has since broken) it grinds into your emotions to the point that you living her rage and longing ("I believed I could save my mind"). Yes, it may be teen-angsty, but I like it.

Kelowna

KING KONG Funny Farm (Drag City)

Now, here's an album that sticks out amongst all the trash like that trippy little house on Richards. I play this album with glee for everyone who comes over. It's the most talent-laden, hook-packed, catchy and perfectly recorded album I've heard in awhile now. These tunes would be just at home on Sesame Street Records as on Drag City. I wish I had space to write out all the lyrics, because they are so delicious, but here's one of my favorite: "Tornado gonna hit the brown cow."

Each song is a total treat, the kind that makes hunting down each seven inch and compilation track worthwhile. Highly recommended for lovers and their grandparents. The only problem, for me, with songs so instantly catchy like these, is that they tend to get dry kinda fast, but I'll be fully enjoying this one while I can, and looking for my next fix.

DAS

LUSCIOUS JACKSON In Search of Manny (Grand Royal)

Maybe you saw them open for Uge Overkill at the Town Pump way back in August. They were the flytunes from New York with all those fly Temptations-like moves. This seven song cassette on the Beastie Boys' Grand Royal label is worth your time for its more-clever-than-most rhyming rap lyrics: "No family jewels between my legs/My wealth is my brain/my jewels, my eggs." Sometimes though, they lapse into annoyingly repetitive dance-grooves, unredeemable by cool lyrics. "Life of Leisure" is a cool-headed, hip-



swinging song about female frustration with lazy male moves etc. According to liner notes, "manny" is "the spirit of a time long gone when we knew our next-door neighbors and rode bicycles with training wheels." Jill Cuniff and Gabrielle Glaser, credited with writing, arranging and performing all the music, have created something juicy and luscious in what generally could have been a wasteland of techno-rap drivel.

Kirity Smith

GIRLS VERSUS BOYS Venus Luxure No. 1 Baby (Touch 'n' Go)

The title of this album sound like some obscure relic of academia. Like the sort of musty old book with yellowing pages that one has to blow years of dust off of in order to open. This sort of thing usually happens to the sort of stuff best forgotten. Likewise with this record. It is fairly heavy in a grunge-style but it has an annoying tendency to fade into the background. Even when I sat down to give it a critical listen I found myself doing some other totally unrelated thing. This music is ambient at best. It never really grabbed my attention at all. The vocals are really subdued, almost muffled and overall the production is far too bass-heavy. Bass is fine if it hits hard, but this stuff has no bite. It's like listening to like listening to a conversation through a wall. It's presumptuous for me to tell anybody what to do based on my own opinion, but if you give these reviews any credence, save your money. Go listen to a conversation from behind a closed door.

ERI

THE VICTORY TRAVELERS Beautiful Gates (Ance Records)

Gospel music is one of the most important cornerstones in American popular music. It is the foundation of soul, funk and rock'n'roll. It gave us some of the greatest singers in history such as Mahalia Jackson, Marion Williams, and others. May and so on. Moreover, it also produced some of the most successful pop stars like Aretha Franklin, Sam Cooke and Ray "Pepe" Charles.

It is great to see new groups such as The Victory Travelers continue to make contributions to this art form. *Beautiful Gates* is firmly planted in the hard gospel quartet tradition. The powerful lead tenor pours his soul into the songs as the rest of the group supports him in harmonious background vocals. Most of the songs on the album are new compositions but they are done in the old-time gospel way. The production here is minimum, but that's just fine for this style of music. Since gospel music is not about musical perfection but it is the singers' emotional expressions toward their lord Jesus.

If you are a big fan of authentic Afro-American music, please add this one to your collection.

Vince Yeh

JOHN HIATT Perfectly Good Guitar (A&M)

I know. You're reading this and thinking you should just ignore this review of contemporary big label mediocrity, but hang on for a sec. John Hiatt can be an incredible songwriter, and a fine vocalist to boot. His *Bring the Family* release from 1987 was phenomenal for the songs it contained and

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absolutely bewildering in the lack of airplay it received from commercial radio. A few years later, *Slow Turning* came out, not as good as *Bring the Family*, but it managed to get exposure and reasonably good sales as a result. It could be that he figured out lower quality equals higher sales, and this would explain 1991's *Little Village*, an absolutely horrid piece of crap that now sells for about two bucks at A&B Sound.

This time out he seems to have struck a balance between good and bad, ending up somewhere around *Slow Turning*. There are some really good tunes here ("Blue Telescope" seems to stick out as one to me), and a bunch of so-so CFOX-ready ones, suggesting to me that maybe John is just trying to take in what he can for now, so that maybe just maybe he can become financially secure enough to make another classic: the potential still exists. Ry Cooder, guitarist extraordinaire is unfortunately absent here (maybe he was just passed at having to be a part of *Little Village*), and an apparent collection of Hollywood hacks make up Hiatt's band this time around. Okay, so maybe *Perfectly Good Guitar* isn't a perfectly good recording, but I know there's got to be a good album from him to come at some point in the future. I hope the wait won't be long.

Brian Wieser

BIG CHIEF Mack Avenue Skullgame Original Soundtrack (Sub Pop)

Detroit, '71 ('72 maybe), city center. Chocolate City, you know, with its Vanilla Suburbs. The



streets, grime, concrete jungle, smog, traffic, livin' here can strip your soul down to the bone. Well, Big Chief have just made a very good attempt at puttin' dem feelin's down to disc. Copin' an awful lot from the cosmic vibes comin' off black platters from Funkadelic, ex-pecially the *Magnum Brain*, the self-titled *Funkadelic*, *Free Your Mind* and *Your Ass Will Follow* and *Standing On The Verge of Getting It On* albums, Mack Avenue Skullgame comes off with a funk of its own. This disc is nice. I haven't heard so much genuine soul music since the white muthafucks in a looning time. They seem to manage this by keepin' most of the songs very loose, most barely above the level of jama, havin' the bass fat'n'funky, the drums with a lot of footsound, like you're actually listening to someone playin' some drums, the guitars heavy - Eddie

Hazel-style heavy, and the vocals sparse. Add occasional organ, shakers and horns on a couple tracks and record in White Room Studios in Detroit and you're on your way. Actually, the musicianship of da Big Chief plays shows through with some nice shit being thrown down, other maybe dey wuz jus doin' it for da funk of it. I would still prefer to pull out the ol' Funkadelic records myself, but this should do well in expandin' the minds of some of dem rawn' n' roll bands out there lookin' for a new vibe.

Adam "Booty" Sloan

CLUTCH Transnational Speedway League (East West)

Borrowing liberally from the grinding mooshore style of many post-hardcore bands with some Bastards-influenced throaty growling on top, Clutch manages to sound vaguely familiar and yet repeatedly smack you upside the head at the same time. Like a snarling animal threatening to pounce that never flinches, they deliver an angry wall of noise dirge that never becomes a full throated attack. I can't shake the feeling that the label expects this band to become extremely popular but I suspect that their sound verges too far on the nasty Killdozer side of things for that to really happen.

Tom Milne

CUPID CAR CLUB Cupid Car Club (Kill Rock Stars)

If the rumors are true, one of my favorite bands, the Nation of Issyes have broken up, but that's OK because in their reincarnation comes the Cupid Car Club. It still sounds a lot like the N.O.U., but to make up for the lack of brass Kim Thompson shares vocals with the ex-N.O.U. spokesman. Not as urgent or wound up as N.O.U. but in it's place is a more accessible beauty, but according to my lame-ass friends still not that accessible. But fuck that, "Grape Juice" is the best song I've ever heard. Excellent lyrics and cover art, and still packaged in politically tortured and angst ridden writings. Join their club.

DAS-Dead

SEAM The Problem With Me (Touch and Go)

Seam's album cover is fairly indicative of what you will find in their world of guitar-driven, indie-rock fuzz. Like the marshes glistening on *The Problem With Me*, Seam's music is colorful, yet dark and brooding; round and smooth enough to be aesthetically pleasing, at the same time raw and rough on the edges; blurry in a dreamy, comfortable way. Recorded by Brad Wood at Liluf Music in Chicago, the album is produced cleanly enough so we can appreciate Seam's musical talent, all the while sounding remarkably unproduced.

How to describe Seam's sound? Hmm...casually intense,

Subtly profound. Beautifully loud. Painfully soft. Make sense? Well, neither do most great things in this world. Singer Sooyoung Park's whispers send shivers through my mind as they weave in and out of loud melodic guitars. Make any more sense? I give up. In a word: brilliant.

Mikio Hoffman



THE POGUES Waiting for Herb (WEA)

With the departure of Shane MacGowan from The Pogues, it seemed Spider Stacy's destiny to be the new matthead for the band. I always had a soft-spot for Spider Stacy (there are few Celtic-punk twinhair heroes to look up to when you're first learning how to play). Who could forget his murdering rendition of "Honky Tonk Woman"?

Musically, *Waiting for Herb* sounds somewhere in between the *If I Should Fall from Grace* and *Peace and Love* albums. There are no bad songs here, except for perhaps "Panchinko," whose nursery-rhyme chorus grows on you after awhile. "Sitting on Top of the World" and "Drunken Boat" are strong songs, as is "Once Upon a Time," which live shows should get "Dirty Old Town" rhyme status. "Modern World" and "Girl from the Wadi Hammamat" resound with *Hell's Ditch-era* Pogues, but sound better. Drummer Andrew Rankin sings "My Baby's Gone" with a heavy Tom Waits flavour, and Terry Woods contributes "Haunting."

While MacGowan's presence is recognizably absent from first listening, even Luke-warm Pogues fans ought to be able to get into this one. And with three years since the last release it's good to have the band back on track.

A. O. Chapman

COCTEAU TWINS Four Calendar Café (Fontana)

No longer A&D? The end of an age?

A change of label. Mmmmm.

No sir. I don't like it. Well, it happened. Taken 10 years or so, but they've made it big time. You no longer have to *Victrola* or *Blue Bell Knoll*. Ah, and what days those were. Indeed, most of these sound as though they could be off of those

LP's. The tracks "Squeeze-Wax" and "Summerhead" (?????) have a more recent allude to them, however.

There's absolutely no chance I could slag the Twins. Even if I wanted to. It's just too damn beautiful ethereal. But what can you expect? When every single ethereal pop band out there is compared to the Twins, (ie. Lush, MBV, Slowdive, Pale Saints, Cure, Cranberries, Sundays, et al) it's hard not to think of them as icons. They truly are.

Which by the way, *Coff* is produced by the same guys who do Lush. Turnabout's fair play. **Christian**

VARIOUS ARTISTS Northwest Ungrunge (Elemental Records)

OK, this is one of those albums you buy out of nothing but curiosity and end up telling all your friends how big you scored. This compilation is really cool. It has a whole lot of everything (except of course, GRUNGE). To quote the liner notes: "the tracks included here span the span the musical spectrum; including elements, traces and strains of funk, metal, rap, hardcore, electronic, jazz, soul, big band, psychedelia, big rock and country." If any of these styles appeal to you, then you will enjoy this album. Each song has its identifiable roots, yet manages to come across as entirely fresh. Originally in this day and age is something to be cherished (and definitely worth

spending money for).

As the title would suggest, all of the bands are from the Northwest, mostly from around the Portland area and two (Sadhappy and Mommy) from Seattle. There is also one band (Black Happy) from Idaho (no reference to potatoes however).

The high points of this all-around great album have to be the opening and closing tracks. The opener, "Paul Larson" by Black Happy blew me away when I first heard it. It simply did everything I had hoped it would. I would think "wouldn't it be cool if the song sped up" and it would. You know stuff like that. The closing track "Nipple Zipper Fish" by Sweaty Nipples is five and a half minutes of musical wilderness. It's hard to describe but it sounds like the sound track to a bizarre animated film. Way cool.

If not for the fact that it is an all-around damn good album, this one is worth owning just to remind yourself that those from the Northwest do not share the same brain with Nirvana and Pearl Jam. **Eri**

TAR Toast (Touch 'n' Go)

The best thing about Tar is that (unlike most bands) they don't suck. On the other hand, amongst a pile of good releases this album doesn't stand out as something I'd listen to that often. What Tar does well, however, is deliver great bass heavy rhythms, and racing guitars,



with lots of little holes. Also, to their benefit, is the good mix, with all the instruments and vocals grabbing your attention, but none of them being overpowering or drowned out. But the thing that keeps it in it's jacket more often than not is the kind of dark and muddy sound of the recording. Maybe that's what the aluminum guitars are for. Still, a worthwhile album that deserves your attention. And if you dig it, then head the 'Buy Vinyl' warning written on the CD. It's a warning about an extra track that you'll want to play for all your friends. **DAS**

BAD RELIGION Recipe For Hate (Epitaph)

Bad Religion is one of those bands who have been around for years with everybody going on about how great they are, and yet I've never really taken the time to listen to their stuff. Now, having heard *Recipe For Hate* I realize how much Tar has been missing out on. To be fair, I'll start with the bad points

of the CD. Um, well, when I got it the case had a crack in one corner and I couldn't quite manage to completely remove the promo sticker on the front. Now for the good points. Bad Religion shows through their music a maturity and thoughtfulness often lacking in the "punk" genre. Somehow they manage to maintain the sense of outrage which characterizes punk rock without sounding like a bunch of bitter teens in the process. It is really quite refreshing to hear this kind of a message being conveyed without it resorting to a simple "fuck you" chant.

If punk tunes can be catchy, and I suppose that they can in their own kind of way, Bad Religion has mastered the art of it. I find myself hearing the refrain to "Kerosene" all the time. *Recipe For Hate* is an album well worth owning. **Eri**

DIDJITS Que Sirhan Sirhan (Touch and Go)

When asked by CBC Radio's *Brave New Waves* host, Brent Banbury (sic), why the white-trash Apocalypse, neo-natal, post-apocalyptic themes continue on this album head Didji Rick Simms replied: "Hey man, cars, drugs, chicks... what else is there to write about? I mean, I could write about (pause) well, uh (longer pause) um (even longer pause) well, there you go." Que Sirhan Sirhan, Rick, whatever will be, will be. **Bryce Dunn**

the cover, in case anyone missed their Josie & the Pussycats influence. They will make dollars. Good for them. However, their future as a long term act depends on the authenticity of its image. If their apparent lack of skill is a put-on (i.e. they can play better than they do), it is a gimmick just as bogus as great's spunky antics; they will have betrayed their fans. If they are as musically naive as they sound, and their songs don't progress, there would be no point in buying more than one cd release; it would be like eating Pocky: eat one or 100, there is no difference. Empty calories.

"Hey, Mof! Why mention cub in your column?" you might say. Well, cub was riding on the borderline of cheese since his first "I came out, but when I saw the cover of *Betti-cub*, it went into the Psychosonic Hall of Fame before its release!!!!!! Anything with a cover like that is a shoo-in!!!!!!

Before I go, here are a couple of Kwik Pix in the same genre as cub:

THE SHAGGS The Shaggs (Rounder)

These three sisters put out the most honest record in history in the early seventies. Their father had a bit of money, it seems, and his daughters were just starting a group. So, he rented a studio, and the girls did an LP, barely having played a song together. This is an amazing document of bold honesty and captures the pure emotion of starting your first band. The CD of this has some tracks from their second record

SEAWEED Four (Sub Pop)

Seaweed's latest took a few listens for me to appreciate, but I finally figured out why... production. The grittiness of *Despised* and the bareness of *Weak* have all but disappeared in favour of a much warmer, yet gripping, sound that Seaweed's take anything away from the songs, but adds to them. In particular, songs like "Losing Skin," "In Fairness" and "Overlight" really benefit from the h a n s d - o n treatment that guitarist Clint (Warner) gives in his newly-built studio. Also, in live setting, these songs are probably given extra boost because of the vigorous energy put into playing them. So, for those reasons, Seaweed have made a great record, probably their best to date. **Bryce Dunn**



REVOLTING COCKS
Linger Ficken Good and
Other Barnyard Oddities
(Sire/WEA)

"Sry, Jim Bob. What you got down there?" "Hey, Little Led. I'm the new Revco. I caught Jim Bob Jr. listenin' to it." "Dang! That Ministry spin-

off techno-dance-thrash industrial core band makes 'fun of us again' "Yup, there is. Real right embarasin'. Specially the way those geezers just pound muth ears to hominy grits. Gives muth cooties...uh, little pincho scratchy things."

"Dang! Even worse than Bears, Steers and Quers, which I reckoned wuz their worst?" "Yup."

"Well how awful is it?" "Just, they wrecked my favorite song. 'Do You Think I'm Sexy.'"

"The one by Rod Stewart?" "Yup." "Shoot! That's what I made love to Sissy Mac to! Ain't nothin' sacred?" "Nope. Say, you feelin' kinda insecure?" "Yah, sorta" "I reckon we better go do, for those reasons, somethin' man-like." "I reckon." "Say, wrestlin' naked in the mud?" "Sounds good 'c me!" **Christian**

VARIOUS ARTISTS Out Of The Fog Too (Flamingo Records)

Anytime you listen to a regional compilation CD, it's hard to forget the quality of its music. Halifax, and much of Atlantic

Hey, tot!!! By now most of you have heard of that nutty I'll comb that goes by the name of cub. Basically, if you have heard of this group, a lot of you fall into two categories: 1) a rabid fan, or 2) despise the band with all your soul. Now, those who love this band have come up with various reasons why they love cub, like, "They're fun!", "They're not downer noise bands, like all of the others," "Well, COAST played them, so they must be good!" or "They sound so fresh!" Those who hate cub'll squeal, "They can't play!", "Their lyrics suck." They don't deserve all this attention," yada, yada, yada. They are definitely getting more than their fair share of press, shows and sales. There are many reasons for this. Their naive, poorly played, shallow little girly-pop songs aren't the

playing music like cub, (except maybe for Jonathan Richman, and he at least includes substance and fine songwriting when he sings about corner stores or Vincent Van Gogh).

Many people resent the fact that cub get so much support from college radio. They claim that because the whole band (and many of those involved with their releases) are/were longtime members of college radio, they used their connections to get the much-desired press and airplay. I don't know for sure if that's the case with cub, but I'm not surprised if it is. Being involved in college radio for more than twelve years, I have seen some very poor acts get the big bump from their connections; it is precisely the system that college radio was started to oppose. If this abuse gets any worse, college radio in Canada will be as

(a friend of mine said, "Cuddled-core" where's the "core"? There is no "core" core.) "A jangle of clean-cut campus types who were easily led to believe that Coast 1040 was the oracle for all that was hip would have thought 'Go Fish' or 'I Ching-chill' was cool. So they went and bought the 'I Ching' by between their Baranek Ladies and Moxxy Fruvous (sidebar: these guys have achieved Mof's Most Hated Status, replacing the Spin Doctors. Congrats!). Also, they seem to get opening slots for any show they want, exposing them to a variety of people.

Many of the people I run into whoresent cub's success are struggling bands themselves (every third college kid in Vancouver is in a band, did you know that?). They are running into brick walls with all their fucked up cub scene, where the bookers won't give them opening slots for good bands unless they can prove they're a draw; they get ghettoized on showcase nights for little or no money. They see cub playing the opening slot for a band they would be more suited for and gnash their teeth. I, personally, don't like cub live (I like everybody involved with cub, I'm just talking about the entity). When I go to a show, who opens often determines whether or not I fork over the shekels. If the same opener plays every other show, (like Mystery Machine used to a year or so ago), it won't help them sell me a ticket.

cub has their first album out soon. It will be a hit. They have a fan base who is waiting, and they got the guy who draws Archie comics to do



which sucked. Another Hall of Famer! Genre: Amateurs CHEEZABILITY RATING: 100

SHANA Jem Theme (Sunbow Prod.)

Sort of an introduction to the Jem world. Jem, apparently, is a pure-hearted rock singer who writes lightweight pop, sort of (eventually) to Juliana Hatfield or Debbie Gibson. Her faves are The Misfits (honestly), a downer hard rock act, kinda like L7. There are three neat songs and an instrumental on this tape.

And no bassoon whatever. It sounds like it was recorded over the phone. Cool. Genre: Kids! Buy *The Darndest Things* CHEEZABILITY RATING: 88

Just enough time to give you some quick news: I'll be letting y'all know who gets the meat product in the Xmas his. *The Reader's Choice Pampler* should be ready by mid-November. Knock woad! If you want one, just send a frut, a couple of stamps and a return address (you Americans can drop me \$6 and forget the stamps). Next month: Christmaspix!!!!



typical wanna-be-the-latest-hot-ah-band sound; people may be going for them because of that. Another reason could be because they are girls; I know that sounds bad, but a guy band could not get away with

inspired as it's U.S. counterpart. Then we'll all have to go pirate for real indie.

However, a case can be made for cub's success on their own merits: their music is safe and harmless

36 DISORDER

1 MON Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... DJ Darren at Luvafair... Self Help Seminar, Swelter, Clyde, Mindave at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Manhattan Murder Mystery (7:30pm) and So I Married an Axe Murderer (9:35pm) at the Ridge... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building... Claire Kujundic's exhibition continues at Vancouver East Cultural Centre (until the 23rd)... Tonson Highway at SUB Theatre (12:30pm).

2 TUE CITR 101.9M SHINDIG '93 AT THE RAILWAY CLUB WITH STONEISOLD, TEN DAYS LATE, ANGRY CANDY... 700 Mike Disco at the Commodore... Tears for Fears with Jellyfish at Queen Elizabeth Theatre... Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... David Hawkes at Luvafair... P-Funk Tuesdays at the Hungry Eye... Dramarama, Slim Dunkle, Sister Psychadelic the Offcamp (Seattle)... Widespread Panic at the Backstage (Seattle)... Manhattan Murder Mystery (7:30pm) and So I Married an Axe Murderer (9:35pm) at the Ridge... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

3 WED CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... Savoy Brown with Texas Flood at the Yale... Custer's Last Standband with Boo and Pet at the Hungry Eye... George Bortle Trio at Alma Street Cafe... DJ Czech at Luvafair... DJ George Barret at Graceland... The Motors with the Ballistics at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Mary Black at the Backstage (Seattle)... Last Call at Maud's (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Ridge... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

4 THU Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Rymes with Orange and Boo... Margu Tufo at the Yale... Psychadelic at Graceland... DJ David Hawkes at Luvafair... DJ David Hawkes at Luvafair... Howard Jones at the Commodore... Zolly Cracker with Stigmata and Cozy Bones at the Hungry Eye... Bill Sample Quartet at Alma Street Cafe... Halo, Jessamine, 66 Saints at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Last Call at Maud's (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Ridge... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

5 FRI Hump, Zumpano, Don Caballero, Rougeache at the Cruel Elephant... Lung at the South Wall (North Vancouver Recreation Centre)... Margu Tufo at the Yale... DJ David Hawkes at Graceland... DJ Czech at Luvafair... Alpha Yoda Diallo and Bafing at Studio 16... Tempest at the WISE Hall... Nazareth, Blue Oyster Cult, Uriah Heep and Wishbone Ash at the Commodore... Water with Illcit Lotus at the Hungry Eye... Jeff Healey Band at Breakers... Gas Huffer, Southern Culture on the Skids, Verlog, Superiors at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Yo La Tengo at the Backstage (Seattle)... Spike & Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation (7pm, 9:15pm & 11:30pm) at the Ridge... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

6 SAT CITR 101.9M PRESENTS YO LA TENGO WITH CUB AND KREIVS AT THE CRUEL ELEPHANT... Nazareth, Blue Oyster Cult, Uriah Heep and Wishbone Ash at the Commodore... Margu Tufo at the Yale... Depeche Mode with The The at Pacific Coliseum... DJ Noah at Graceland... DJ David Hawkes at Luvafair... Country Dance featuring Marian Rose, Daniel Lapp & Co. at the WISE Hall... Big Gulp with Red Sugar and the Melting Neppams at the Hungry Eye... Jeff Healey Band at Breakers... Sweaty Nipples, Hitting Bird, Black Angels Death Song at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Christine Lavin at the Backstage (Seattle)... Spike & Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation (7pm, 9:15pm & 11:30pm) at the Ridge... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building... Peter Reader's The Big Lie at Basic Inquiry...

7 SUN The View From Here: South Coast Electroacoustics: John Celona, Damien Copland, Paul O'Brien, Anne Elgenfeldt, Hildegarde Westmark, Francois Houle, Larry Pollet, Vancouver New Music Ensemble at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... DJ Darren at Luvafair... Sluffery, 17 Pilots on the RIF at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Bill Morrissey with Grace Wheeler at the Backstage (Seattle)... Spike & Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation (6:30pm & 8:45pm) at the Ridge... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

8 MON Special Beat, The Selester, Scatallies, The Tasterers at the Commodore... Steve Hackart with Gary DeLorme at the Town Pump... DJ Darren at Luvafair... Jackson Acid, Snat, Dvornag, L'Esprit, L'Esprit at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Like Water for Chocolate (7:30pm) and Babette's Feast (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building... Robert Duggale and Andrew McIlroy at Procope Restaurant...

9 TUE CITR 101.9M SHINDIG '93 AT THE RAILWAY CLUB WITH THE DEPROGRAMMERS, DELVE, AND SINUS ENVY... CITR 101.9M PRESENTS THE OCEAN BLUE AT THE TOWN PUMP... Eddie Shaw at the Yale... David Hawkes at Luvafair... Cuel 700 Mike Disco at the Commodore... P-Funk Tuesdays at the Hungry Eye... Les Thugs at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Like Water for Chocolate (7:30pm) and Babette's Feast (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

10 WED CITR 101.9M PRESENTS BAD BRAINS WITH PRONG AT THE

COMMODORE... CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... Eddie Shaw at the Yale... DJ Czech at Luvafair... DJ George Barret at Graceland... Judy Atkin, Kim Linekin and Opal at the Hungry Eye... April Motel, Bungie Cord, Bloom, Skin Clinic at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Allison Krauss with Cheryl Wheeler at the Backstage (Seattle)... Aladdin (7:30pm) and Hocus Focus (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

11 THU Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring the Shuffle Demons and People Playing Music... Big Country with 700 Miles at the Town Pump... Eddie Shaw at the Yale... DJ David Hawkes at Luvafair... Psychadelic at Graceland... Tom Russell at the WISE Hall... The Pursuit of Happiness at the Commodore... Tongue Tied, Mack & Money, 7 Sins, Spigat at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Aladdin (7:30pm) and Hocus Focus (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

12 FRI CITR 101.9M PRESENTS DEAD CAN DANCE AT THE VOGUE... CITR 101.9M PRESENTS SHUFFLE DEMONS AT THE COMMODORE... The Sick Ones... Burn, Can Con, Four Wheel Drive, The Mason Nixon Line at the Cruel Elephant... Eddie Shaw at the Yale... DJ David Hawkes at Graceland... DJ Czech at Luvafair... The Sick Ones with Burn, Can Con, Four Wheel Drive, The Mason Nixon Line at Cruel Elephant... The Digits with the Pasties at the Hungry Eye... Spike & Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation (7pm, 9:15pm & 11:30pm) at the Ridge... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Laundry at Studio 16... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building... COCA '93 Conference...

13 SAT JFA with Apartment 3-3 and Shuldown at the Cruel Elephant... The Lemonheads with Hole and Walt Mink at the Commodore... Eddie Shaw at the Yale... DJ Noah at Graceland... DJ David Hawkes at Luvafair... Memphis Slex at Hot Jazz Club... Holy Cole Trio at the Vogue... Rawlins Cross at the WISE Hall... Envelope with The Real McKenzies at the Hungry Eye... The Digits with Peppy at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Spike & Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation (7pm, 9:15pm & 11:30pm) at the Ridge... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Laundry at Studio 16... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building... COCA '93 Conference...

14 SUN Seigneur Tabu Ley Rochereau at the Commodore... Don Pullen's African-Brazilian Connection at the Vogue... DJ Darren at Luvafair... On Wings of Song featuring Terence Dawson (piano), Eugene Osadchy (cello), Doug Thompson (violin) at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Acoustic Alchemy at Richards on Richards... Dr. Obvious with 4* Window at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Uncle Tupelo with Giant Sand at the Backstage (Seattle)... Spike & Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation (6:30pm & 8:45pm) at the Ridge... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building... COCA '93 Conference...

15 MON Soul Asylum with Uncle Tupelo at the Commodore... DJ Darren at Luvafair... Popo with Nectarine at the Offcamp (Seattle)... True Romance (7:15pm) and Reservoir Dogs (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

16 TUE CITR 101.9M SHINDIG '93 FIRST ROUND SEMI-FINALS AT THE RAILWAY CLUB WITH SPIRITUAL HEROINE, HUGO AND AGING UTOPIA GANG... The Vagueros at the Yale... David Hawkes at Luvafair... Cuel 700 Mike Disco at the Commodore... P-Funk Tuesdays at the Hungry Eye... Squeeze with Over the Rhine at the Vogue... Screaming to God, 16 Volt, Lethal Injection, Champ at the Offcamp (Seattle)... True Romance (7:15pm) and Reservoir Dogs (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

17 WED CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... The Vagueros at the Yale... DJ George Barret at Graceland... DJ Czech at Luvafair... John Hiatt at the Commodore... A Concise History of Drumming featuring Andreas Kahre at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Raw Materials (piano) at the Backstage Theatre... The Laundry at Studio 16... Oliver, Oliver (7:15pm) and Europa, Europa (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

18 THU Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Terror of Tiny Town and Envelope... Juice Monkeys with Rumplesleekin and the Hazel Motes at the Cruel Elephant... Verve with Acetone and Music of the Spheres at the Town Pump... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... Psychadelic at Graceland... DJ David Hawkes at Luvafair... A Concise History of Drumming featuring Andreas Kahre at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Orbit in Bloom with Red Autumn Fall at the Hungry Eye... Why? Things Burn, Rorschach Test, The Spinkmakers, Bumpin' Uglies at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Raw Materials at Secret Space Theatre... The Laundry at Studio 16... Oliver, Oliver (7:15pm) and Europa, Europa (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

19 FRI CITR 101.9M PRESENTS WASHINGTON STATE MASS CHOR at THE SUB BALLROOM... Big Tall Garden with Swicked Wimming Dog and Hummi Gumpton at the Cruel Elephant... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... People Playing Music at the Hungry Eye... DJ David Hawkes at Graceland... DJ Czech at Luvafair... A Concise History of Drumming featuring Andreas Kahre at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Steel Pole Bath Tub with Micky Finn at the

Offcamp (Seattle)... Raw Materials at Secret Space Theatre... The Laundry at Studio 16... Spike & Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation (7pm, 9:15pm & 11:30pm) at the Ridge... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

20 SAT Pigment Vehicle with Watched Ethyl at the Cruel Elephant... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult at Graceland... DJ David Hawkes at Luvafair... Micol/Ella Aeschbacher at the Glass Slipper... Memphis Slex at Hot Jazz Club... The Watersons at the WISE Hall... Dear God at the Hungry Eye... A Concise History of Drumming featuring Andreas Kahre at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Raw Materials at Secret Space Theatre... The Laundry at Studio 16... Spike & Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation (7pm, 9:15pm & 11:30pm) at the Ridge... Artropolis 93 continues in the old Woodwards Building...

21 SUN David Hole at the Yale... DJ Darren at Luvafair... Kathy Kallik/John Reichman Quartet at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Beach Bath, Anlechnung, Chromote at the Offcamp (Seattle)... Spike & Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation (6:30pm & 8:45pm) at the Ridge...

22 MON Mark Hummel at the Yale... DJ Darren at Luvafair... Dave Arvin at the Backstage (Seattle)... Happy Birthday, Tunkel (7:15pm) and Men (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Michele Rimi and Peter Eastwood at Procope Restaurant...

23 TUE CITR 101.9M SHINDIG '93 SECOND ROUND SEMI-FINALS AT THE RAILWAY CLUB WITH SPEED BUGGY, THE LOVED ONE, AND TICKLE TRUNK... Coal at the Glass Slipper... Mark Hummel at the Yale... Spyro Gary at the Vogue... David Hawkes at Luvafair... Cuel 700 Mike Disco at the Commodore... P-Funk Tuesdays at the Hungry Eye... Raw Materials at Secret Space Theatre... The Jones Boy at Vancouver Little Theatre... Happy Birthday, Tunkel (7:15pm) and Men (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Claire Kujundic's exhibition closes at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

24 WED Scourps with Wretched Ethyl and Heavy Mellow at the Hungry Eye... CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... Mark Hummel at the Yale... DJ George Barret at Graceland... DJ Czech at Luvafair... Tokyo Bound opens at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Raw Materials at Secret Space Theatre... The Jones Boy at Vancouver Little Theatre... The Laundry at Studio 16... Brother's Keeper (7:15pm) and American Dream (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Ameen Gill's exhibition opens at Vancouver East Cultural Centre (until Jan. 4th)...

25 THU Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Acoustically Inclined and the Lotus Eaters... Mark Hummel at the Yale... Psychadelic at Graceland... DJ David Hawkes at Luvafair... Spiders with Black Sunshine at the Hungry Eye... Barra MacNeils at the WISE Hall... Tokyo Bound at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Raw Materials at Secret Space Theatre... The Laundry at Studio 16... The Jones Boy at Vancouver Little Theatre... Brother's Keeper (7:15pm) and American Dream (9:25pm) at the Ridge...

26 FRI House of Commons with Chris Digi and the Dunderheads at the Cruel Elephant... Mark Hummel at the Yale... I Brainer at Graceland... DJ Czech at Luvafair... The Pleasure Elite with Traffic of Tiny Town and Soumash at the Hungry Eye... Tokyo Bound closes at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Raw Materials at Secret Space Theatre... The Jones Boy at Vancouver Little Theatre... The Laundry at Studio 16... I Had an Urge to Write You... featuring Beverly Johnston, Fides Krucker, Lori Freedman, Marie-Josée Charlier, Lisa Karger, Linda Catlin-Smith at Performance Works... Dr. Petiot (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

27 SAT CITR 101.9M PRESENTS MELVINS AND PRIMUS AT 86 STREET... CITR 101.9M PRESENTS POOR OLD LU WITH PAUSLEY SUITECASE AT MCPHERSON COMMUNITY CENTRE (7325 MCPHERSON AVE, BURNABY)... CITR 101.9M PRESENTS THE BUZZCOCKS WITH FUDGE AND THRILL SQUAD AT THE COMMODORE... Primus with the Melvins at 86 Street... Mark Hummel at the Yale... Fab 1 and Thunderbolt at Hot Jazz Club... DJ Noah at Graceland... Dayglo Abortions with Toe Liqueur at the New York Theatre... DJ David Hawkes at Luvafair... Robin Scher Quimlet at the Glass Slipper... Martin Hayes at the WISE Hall... Raw Materials closes at Secret Space Theatre... The Jones Boy at Vancouver Little Theatre... The Laundry at Studio 16... I Had an Urge to Write You... featuring Beverly Johnston, Fides Krucker, Lori Freedman, Marie-Josée Charlier, Lisa Karger, Linda Catlin-Smith at Performance Works... Dr. Petiot (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

28 SUN Shari Ulrich with Morys Stearns, Ann Mortlie with Robbie King, Stephen Fearing, Marcus Mosely, the Universal Gospel Choir, Maureen Field, Edith Wallace at the Vogue... Suzi Bogguss at the Commodore... Bon Jovi with Wild T & The Spirit at the Coliseum... DJ Darren at Luvafair... I Had an Urge to Write You... featuring Beverly Johnston, Fides Krucker, Lori Freedman, Marie-Josée Charlier, Lisa Karger, Linda Catlin-Smith at Performance Works... Dr. Petiot (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

29 MON DJ Darren at Luvafair... Dr. Petiot (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

30 TUE CITR 101.9M SHINDIG '93 THIRD ROUND SEMI-FINALS AT THE RAILWAY CLUB WITH T.B.A... David Hawkes at Luvafair... Cuel 700 Mike Disco at the Commodore... P-Funk Tuesdays at the Hungry Eye... Kokoro Dance's Esse at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Jones Boy at Vancouver Little Theatre (until the 4th)... Dr. Petiot (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge...



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Yo La Tengo

on
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at
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The new album
"Painful"
on sale this month

November's Harvest

New Full-length Releases on Sale at Zulu

Golden Palominos

- This is How It Feels

Anton Fier, Bill Laswell, Jeff Bova, Lori Carson, Lydia Kavanagh, Nicky Skopeltis, Bernie Wornell, Amanda Kramer, Boots Collins, Matt Stein. "Do you think it can be explained?"

IMPORT 16.98cd



Yo La Tengo

- Painful

Hot on the heels of their *Shaker* EP comes the *Painful* LP. Quite simply, Georgia, Ina, and James rock... but they can soothe too. An album of heartbreakers and heartcracers. Give a listen to both versions of *Big Day Coming*.

14.98cd/9.98cass



Drop Nineteens

- National Coma

An unexpected surprise! Moving away from their wispy, starry-eyed pop past, the Drop Nineteens' new release possesses a heavier, harder sound, not without a touch of angst. *National Coma* may draw comparisons to the Smashing Pumpkins. More complex, more rock — check it out.

14.98cd/9.98cass



Eric's Trip

- Love Tara

Sub-Pop's Canadian lo-fi favorites have finally collected enough songs for a full-length release. *Love Tara* offers a generous helping of Eric's Trip's folk-inflected punk — or maybe that's punk-inflected folk — to satisfy the ears of any listener. Making Moncton proud, eh!

14.98cd/9.98cass

The Mekons

- I ♥ Mekons

Brand new release from these Zulu faves. A must for old and new fans alike.

14.98cd/9.98cass

Seaweed

- Four

Visualize this: crunchier than a handful of Almond Roca, and faster than a speeding Rocket — Tacoma's awesome dudes of punk rawk have come across with their finest platter yet. 11 bursts of irresistible force guaranteed to put the hot sauce in your taco. Yaos!

14.98cd/9.98cass

Medicine

- Buried Life

Medicine's music is best described as dreamy guitars, piled thick with wavy distortion, infused with pop melodies, and overlaid with harmonious vocals. All craftily engineered for your listening enjoyment. This, their most recent release, is no exception.

14.98cd/9.98cass

SNFU

- Something Green & Leafy...

Legendary prairie-punkers, SNFU, have left their chilly dwellings in Edmonton for the rainy climate of Vancouver, and the independent power of Epitaph Records. *Green & Leafy* is their first for the SoCal label, and, as guitarist Burt Belke is quick to quash, "We're above being a pop band."

14.98cd/9.98cass

Misc Info

COAL

The Glass Slipper
185 East 11th Avenue
November 23/93

LUNG

All-ages Show
The South Wall
North Vancouver
Recreation Centre
November 5/93

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